

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

VOL. V, NO. 2.
WHOLE NO 186.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1866.

\$3.00 A YEAR.
6 CTS. A NUMBER

LITERARY MATTERS.

— Burley, the rebel raider, is somewhere in Scotland, polishing up his memory and his memoirs. He purposes to witch the old world with noble horsemanship.

— A Modenese journal, is boasting of a type machine by which five lines of verse, each containing thirty letters, can be set up in nine seconds. Heaven forbid that it should come into general use till the race of Tupper and Tupperesses shall have disappeared.

— Dr. Shelton Mackenzie is preparing a volume of his "Personal Reminiscences," which will probably be continued, unless somebody stops him, to the last recorded syllable of the Doctor's time.

— Private Miles O'Reilly is about to issue a volume entitled "The Scribblings of a Year." Anything written by the Private will be sure to find its way to the Public.

— John Savage proposes to give a lecture on "The United Irishmen": where he is going to find United Irishmen, is another question.

— William Gilmore Simmes is amusing himself getting up a collection of the leading war-poems written during the Rebellion. Simmes himself will figure in it extensively, a fact which will, at least, prevent the book from having an undue sale.

— M. D. Conway, the literary Jenkins, in England, of the ROUND TABLE, writes: "I saw Dickens, the other day, and Time is beginning to tell on him." Who would have thought Time could be so impolite? Dickens, by the way, to the great horror of the "unco guid" is about giving a series of secular lectures in London on Sunday. Now, everybody will "tell on him."

— The Bishop of Lincoln (England) has written a letter against the pew-letting system on the ground that it "leavens devotion with selfishness." An American edition of the letter may be looked for, edited by Henry Ward Beecher.

— A new war-novel is to be commenced in the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, entitled "Inside." It is written by a Southerner, whose wife used to carry the manuscript to church to prevent its being stolen and exposed. This touching instance of devotion will possibly make the novel popular, independent of its merits.

— Stephens, the Fenian, is said to have translated several of Dickens' works into French: since then, it is reported that he has translated himself into France.

— It is proposed to open an International Theatre in Paris, during the Exhibition of 1867, in which plays will be performed in German, English and Italian—not to mention Greek, Spanish and American.

— Edmund About has published a volume on life-assurance, in which he says that for every person who has a policy in France, seven thousand have one in England: showing that England (as was pretty well known before) is the greatest country for assurance in the world.

— Signor Blitz is about publishing a volume of his travels and experiences as a wizard. Whether the book is to be a trick or not, doesn't appear.

— John R. Thompson, formerly editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, is said to have found congenial employment on the London Times.

— Josh Billings says he has waited patiently now for more than twenty-five years for the millenium to commence—and jist look at butter fifty cents a pound.

— Ruskin's new book is entitled "The Ethics of Dust: Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization."

— Bentley, London, has just published a new novel, by Florence Marryat, entitled "Woman against Woman."

— Barnum's "Humbugs of the World" has just been republished in London: also a new and revised edition of "Munchausen;" illustrated by Gustav Doré.

— Louis Napoleon's "Life of Caesar" is a failure; so is "The Correspondence of Napoleon I.;" the Emperor has to guarantee the publishers, in both instances, against loss.

— Messrs. Bunce & Huntington, of this city, have just published a charming volume of verse by Charles D. Gardette, under the title of "The Fire Flend and other Poems." Many of the poems, including the principal one, which gives the title to the book, were printed originally in the SATURDAY PRESS.

(For the Saturday Press.)

JOSH BILLINGS ON SKATING.

Having herd mutch sed about skating-parks, and the grate amount ov helth and muscle they woz imparting tew the present generation at a alite advance from fust cost, i bought a ticket and went within the fense.

I found the ice in a slippery condishun, covering about 5 akers ov artyfishall water, which was owned bi a stock company, and froze tew order.

Upon one side ov the pond waz erected little grocery buildings, where the wimmin sot on benches while the fellers (kivvered with blushes) hitched the magick iron tew their feet.

It waz a most exsiting scene: the sun waz in the skey—and the wind waz in the air—and the birds ware in the South—and the snow waz on the ground—and the ice lay shivering with cold—and angells (ov both genders) fluktuated past me pro and con, 2 and fro, here a little and thare a good deal.

It waz a most exsiting scene; i wanted tew holler "Bully," or lay down and rool over.

But i kept in, and aaked with glory.

Helth waz pikurd on menny a nobell brow.

Az the femail angells put out ov the pond, side by side with the male angells, it waz the most powerfull scene i ever stood behind.

The long red tape from their necks swum in the breeze, and the featherz in their Jockeyz flutterd in the breeze, and other things (tew mutch to menshun) flutterd in the breeze.

I don't think i ever waz more crazy before in mi life—on ice.

For 2 long hours i stood and gazed with dum exsitement.

I felt like a kanall hoss turned suddinly out tew grass.

I didn't kno how tew proceed.

Az one ov the angells, more sudden than awl the rest, cum flieing down the trak, 3 lengths ahed ov her male angell, awl eyes ware gorging with her heavenly bust ov speed; she seemed tew hav cut luce from earth, and was bound South, for the Cape of Good Hope, when awl tew onst, with gorgours swoop terrific, down-crumbling into a limpid heap she went, with squeal terrific, a living lovely mass ov dissastrus skirt and tapping ankle.

Awl gatherd around the bursted angell; but lo! in a minnits space, her wings agin was plumed, and evry feather was in its lawful place; and on she fled, laffing like wine thru its buteous blushes.

I had saw enuff—more happiness than he longed tew me—and as I slok, wended back tew mi hum at the tavern I felt—good.

(For the Saturday Press.)

ON A FARM.

III.

Burlington, N. J., Jan. 6, 1866.

DEAR PRESS:—

I ought to date these scribblings from near Burlington.

For my 'umble cot is situate some mile and a half from that quiet and charmingly old-fashioned little city, on a Pike.

When one lives in the country it is a good thing to be on a Pike.

At least I have been told so.

The principal feature about a Pike that I can discover (and therein it resembles a grist mill) is that it takes toll.

Then, I am told (no pun intended) that it will be a fine road to haul "truck" and fruit over next summer and autumn; and I have no doubt it will be.

Behold me, then, beneath my own vine and persimmon tree, in the midst of some acres of strawberries, raspberries, peaches and blackberries, whiling away the hours of wintry evening writing to you.

Seriously, revered Press, I am in a very good spot. And there are many more such about here; several for sale.

It is great land, this, for fruit and things, old sage cit: and if any of your friends and readers desire to settle down comfortably in a most desirable neighborhood, I can tell them just how to do it.

Let them take the Camden and Amboy monopoly's boat or cars, come on to Burlington, and inquire for Mr. Edmund Morris.

They will find a genial gentleman (and very pleasing writer too, by the way) who takes such pleasure in showing to strange gentlemen the eligible farms for sale about here that he almost makes a business of it.

This is no "puff," oh Press (I know you too well to try that on with you): the truth is that my friend the author of "Ten Acres Enough," "Farming for Boys," etc., is doing so much for the neighborhood by getting good people here (he got me here) that I like to help the thing along.

That's all.

Living in the country one enjoys a good book, a good magazine, (or a good paper, for instance) much more than in the hurried and crowded city.

Old friends, old books and old wine (if the latter were to be had anywhere in this favored land) have a zest here that you know nothing of.

HARPER, as an example, is now pleasanter to me than ever.

I read all its articles, original and otherwise, with a relish I never knew before.

After learning from its record of current events what has occurred up to the fifth of the last month, and sitting for a while in its "Easy Chair" I turn enraptured to its Editor's Drawer.

It astonishes me to think of the intellection that composes and that enjoys the jokes in that miscellaneous collection. I drop a tear of pleased recollection over the anecdotes that delighted my infancy, and I am struck dumb with admiration at the richness of original wit in those I have never met before.

I am emulous of equal renown with the authors of the new ones, and I write the following, which I assure you, on my honor, has not appeared in the pages I allude to:—

Old Sol. B. of the town of A. C. county, Tennessee, was a dry old rustic wit and joker well known in those parts some twenty years since.

One evening old Sol. was sitting in the bar-room with a miscellaneous crowd of village loafers, when a venerable stranger, mounted on a raw-boned steed with a Roman nose, rode up to the door, dismounted, handed over his animal to a gigantic African who acted as hostler, and entered the room. Old Sol. arose, and the company knew by the twinkle in his eye that something rich was coming.

"Good evening, stranger," said he, "coolish night for the time of year. You look 'eenamost froze out!"

"Well 'tis cold," said the stranger: then drawing himself to his full height, he continued: "Take suthin'?"

"Wall, stranger," said old Sol., "I don't care ef I do!"

When the roars of laughter had subsided, the stranger acknowledged the corn, and treated all 'round.

I've been studying over the above for some time, and I can't find the point to it.

The dickens of it is 'twas built on a model, and come to look at my models I fail to see a point there.

I suppose that one gets muddled after living some time in the country.

But, seriously now, if you can find a joke in the above do let me know when you write again.

And, by the way, I do not think that your offer for my horse "Pete" was quite up to the mark.

It may seem to you that fifteen dollars, minus the freight to New York, is a fair price for him, but to me it seems rather low.

No, I shant take it.

My dog has turned up again. My first dog—the one I wrote you of in my last letter.

You see I had got a good dog.

I have him still.

He is a fine bull-terrier of a large size and capacious jaws—all head and shoulders and sinewy thighs.

I found him in Burlington in the possession of a party of rough looking young gentlemen who haunt an oyster saloon near the river.

I am afraid they never bought him of any one, they were so anxious to sell him, and so cheap.

In the beautiful simplicity of the American tongue they called him "Bu-ry" (sounding like fury) that being their affectionate abbreviation of the name of the gallant warrior Beuregard.

Unlike the worthy he was named after, he was the hero of many successful engagements, and bore honorable scars all about his sagacious countenance.

As, item, one ear alitted to ribbons; item,

as eye obscured for ever in the heat of some well fought field.

The ardor with which he "pinned" anything he was directed to "take care of" delighted me.

An account of his recent killing of a butcher's dog charmed me.

The low figure he was put at took me captive and I purchased him on the spot, changing his name to "Beauty," as the most purely original one to be found.

I took him home, and have kept him home very carefully.

That dog is not for sale.

Well, a night or two since, my slumbers were broken by the most frightful series of diabolical sounds under my window. It was a discord composed of snarling, yelling, growling, roaring, snapping and howling.

I arose and gazed forth from my casement, when mine eyes beheld a scene thrilling beyond description.

Two large animals were evidently in deadly conflict.

One was tall, bony, awkward, uncouth; the other was active, lithe, vigorous, determined.

I saw how it was. Some strange dog had come about the premises, and "Beauty" was teaching him that the way of the transgressor is hard.

I continued to watch the fight by the pale light of the tranquil moon till I saw my dog get the better of his antagonist, and then I retired to bed with a peaceful conscience and soon sank to rest.

In the morning I repaired to the scene of conflict. There was "Beauty," complacently licking his chops and wagging his tail; there, also, were gore, bunches of hair, and the dead body of a large black dog.

I turned the corpse over and beheld, now calm in death, the well known lineaments of the dog I took on trial.

Yes! It was too true! The faithful creature had come again to my residence, in search of fresh beef, and death had been the reward of his fidelity!

WARREN.

RED HAIR.

It is not certain that the golden-haired have so completely had their revenge as M. Jules Denizet, in an article called "The Revenge of the Red Headed," is disposed to maintain. He goes back to Rome in the time of the Caesars to remind his countrymen that in those days the mad and the bad among women were ordered by the edile—or, as M. Denizet says, the Perfect of Police of the period—to wear red hair. Red hair, then, was a mark of degradation. I would ask M. Denizet, who are the ladies who have brought red hair into fashion again? The red heads one sees in gay Victorias in the Chaussee d'Antin are not those whom Diana would welcome in her train. In vain are we reminded that even thieves in their slang—so general is the antipathy to red people—call the police the rousses; and that fashion has in a season destroyed the evil reputation of red hair. The red chignon that is proudly set up as a flag of glory has not changed much, it seems to me, since the days of the Romans. The givers of the red fashion are not models to be followed in any

respect. It may be through them the rehabilitation of the red-headed may be achieved in the eyes of the vulgar; but what if M. Denizet be told that what he calls red hair has been "rehabilitated" for very many years, and that only the vulgar, the unlettered, the unartistic, have called it by opprobrious names! With the intellectual and the refined the hair which is now in vogue has always been deemed a beauty. In their mad race for change, the ladies who lead fashion from the rear of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette have responded to the taste of the educated, to the fancy of the artist; and many black heads have been reddened for the delectation of many black sheep.

It is a pity, and this is what must be regretted, that the impudent paintings, and dyeings, and transformations of *ces dames* have influenced decent people, and led foolish women to talk about red hair or golden hair being in fashion, as though the glory of a "golden-tressed Adelaide" could be bought and adjusted like a bonnet! It would be as reasonable to talk about snub noses being in fashion. Let the Breda ladies dye their hair the color they may please to wear it—nay, let them variegate it, as they have already the coats of their poodles; but it must not be said that it is they who brought into favor the golden-haired. The ruddy gold has always been the fashion—in every studio, in every poem, in every drawing-room. If the present rage for the color of Venus, of Dian, of the early virgins, does anything at all worth note, it is just to make the beautiful tress a little vulgar.

Now, here are a few of M. Denizet's reflections on the rehabilitation of the red-headed:

"The Romans got enormous quantities of hair from Germany. Most of it in the present day comes also from Germany, as well as Brittany and Normandy. Paris annually exports upwards of 100,000 kilograms (about 200,000 pounds) to England and America. A few years ago its price, from a living head, was from five to ten francs the kilogram, according to the length and color. Red hair, which was formerly unsaleable, except for dyeing, is this year at a premium; but the rage cannot last long. Hair of this color is generally coarse and harsh, and taste will, no doubt, soon return to black and blonde, which are twice as fine and three times as soft and glossy. Red hair dries, black and blonde thicken.

"The first preparation which hair undergoes immediately raises its price to eighty francs the kilogram. In our time the rehabilitation of the red-haired commenced in the 'Juif Errant,' in which Eugene Sue depicted Mlle. de Cordoville in such glowing colors that, for her charming sake, the hitherto despised shade rose a little in public opinion. How many persons have we known seeking, by every means in their power, to turn the heated red into brown or chestnut! Oils, pomades, brass and leaden combs, were the supposed remedies, and, these failing, dye was resorted to.

"At school, the red-haired boy or girl was the butt for every joke, the scapegoat for every mischievous trick and escapade. If an inquiry was made as to the perpetrator of any offence, 'It was the *rouquin* who did it,' chorused the boys; 'It was the *rouquine*,' cried the girls! Children whose heads were dressed

in red lost their patronymic at school, and were simply known as the *rouquin* or the *rouquine*. If, as was generally the case, freckles were an accompaniment, the victim was said to 'bear the brand of Judas' in his face.

"What wonder then if, with this treatment, the red-haired child became sullen and disagreeable, and in some sort merited the reputation given him beforehand? In the tale of 'The Fair One with the Golden Hair,' no child could ever have imagined the face of the beautiful princess framed in red locks! Her hair must have been fine threads of real gold! As to a red-haired princess, such a thing was never heard of! The fairy tale would have lost all its interest in the eyes of children had such a heroine been possible. Cooks even of this color were looked upon with dislike. Mistresses pretended that the peculiar odor of their hair lent itself unpleasantly to the sauces, turned the milk, and spoiled the jams!

"Now all this is changed; red hair is the *mode*. The young mother prays that her coming babe, if a girl, may have red locks, and, if it has, its fortune is made. The red-haired beauty is taking her revenge; she carries her *chignon* like a flag, and gathering under it, aided by fashion, every shade of chestnut, blonde, and black, transforms them all into red. But *tout passe, tout lasse*, and to-morrow the *mode* may change. However, although the triumph of the red-haired may prove but that of a season—their glory but ephemeral—still there is no doubt that they will never descend to their former disagreeable position. The prejudice of ages having once been removed, they have been admitted to an equality with their more favored sisters. But now a word of advice and warning: let them descend a few steps of the ladder they have climbed so triumphantly, lest a speedy reaction may precipitate them therefrom."

M. Denizet is mistaken. It is not the legitimate owners of red or golden hair who are exulting. The proud wearers of golden tresses are the ladies who have bought their *chignons*. The saucy airs of triumph are put on by those who have black hair, and can afford to stain it to the fashionable tint.—LONDON ATHENÆUM.

(From the London Reader.)

JAPANESE FANS.

Japanese art has not, hitherto, received the attention that it deserves. It is distinct from Chinese art, and is in every respect superior to it. It is also, in many qualities superior to our own; and a careful examination of it will enable us to glean many hints, not only as to technical processes, but in drawing, composition and color. Like their neighbors the Chinese, the Japanese treat art almost entirely from a decorative point of view, and it is probably from no want of capacity that they do not invest their subjects with the roundness of nature, and the illusive imitation of its shadows and tints, but because by tradition as well as by natural inclination they prefer a broad, simple, and flat treatment, which ena-

bles them, as it were to use art in a sense we are only just beginning to understand.

But want of symmetry is even more characteristic of Japanese art than want of shadow, which is common to all oriental work. It is this quality of irregularity which enables them to impress everything they see into its service. The ornamental art of the Italians and of all European nations is almost always symmetrical. If they want to introduce any natural representation or story into decorative work, it is enclosed in a frame or setting. Even Indian ornament is symmetrical and evenly balanced. The Japanese, on the contrary, delight in irregularity, and they cover everything they touch with ornamental pictures of every conceivable subject—flowers, birds, fishes, beasts, trees, landscapes, boats, women in gorgeous dresses, domestic scenes, and every incident of ordinary life. Their art is a series of surprises. Nothing is too quaint or too irregular for them. They care nothing about the symmetrical balance of graceful curves. In one corner of a plain and beautifully-smooth slab of Japan ware will be a bird, or a tree, or a square patch of ornament.

As to some men all things are permitted with impunity, so to the Japanese, do what they may, success seems never to be denied. They put their spots of color or of ornament with unerring taste. Sometimes crowded with a profusion of incident and color, at another time simple and refined, their compositions are always arranged with a consummate feeling for the picturesque, their drawing is firm and broad, and their color at once simple and gorgeous. The illustrations to their books on natural history are far superior to anything we have. The fishes especially are rendered with a firmness of outline and a largeness of style that is unrivalled by our best draughtsmen, and nothing can exceed the splendor of their colored illustrations. Their bronzes are unrivalled for their technical excellence and their exquisite surface. Indeed, all that they do seems to be dictated by an unerring instinct for ornamentation.

By many of our artists the beauty of Japanese art is not fully appreciated, but the influence of its study may be detected in their work; but among the great majority of our painters, decorators, and designers, it is wholly unknown; and it is not our object to write a treatise on Japanese art (which would far exceed our limits) but to call their attention to a recent importation of Japanese fans, which are admirable specimens of the style and can now be obtained from Messrs. Farmer and Rogers, of Regent street, for sixpence each. No one interested in art should fail to spend a few shillings in their purchase. He would not only get very beautiful fans, but hints in color, composition, and technical processes, worth a great deal more than many treatises on those subjects.

The fans are of two shapes—one rather square, stumpy, and inelegant; the other more oval and pear-shaped. On the first there is invariably arrayed in the portrait of a lady, all the colors of the rainbow. The pattern and every minute detail of her dress are firmly and carefully drawn; but owing to the absence of shadow it is at first not easy to distinguish which are the patterns and which the outlines of the folds of the drapery.

The faces are all of precisely the same type, and are so much alike that a description of one will do for them all. The general contour of the face is a rounded oblong; the eyes are small and almond-shaped, and slope towards the nose, which is slightly aquiline. There is a considerable space between the eye and the eyebrow, which is placed rather high in the forehead. This space is invariably tinted a pale red, and is the only part of the face, with the exception of the lips, that is colored.

The lips (of which the lower one is the most projecting) are slightly open, and show the teeth resting on the tip of the tongue. The hair is pulled back from the forehead, and is dressed in a large knob at the top rather than at the back of the head, and is secured by pins of such gigantic proportions that they look almost like beams. It is impossible to describe the intricacy and gorgeous color of these ladies' dresses. They are decorated with every conceivable pattern and subject; but notwithstanding the variety of their costume, and, in a less degree of their action—owing to the similarity (almost identity) of their faces, and their silly expression—they fail to interest us. They are simply vehicles for gorgeous color. It is in the backgrounds that, artistically as well as descriptively, the interest centres.

In one are dark purple mountains against a sky—clear, gradated, and with a touch of that limped quality which is so admirable in early Italian art. Indeed, in many respects these backgrounds recall the landscapes of the devotional school, and, though of course immeasurably inferior to them, the best Japanese examples are not without a resemblance, faint though it be, to the solemn landscapes of Giovanni Bellini.

In another is a broad river covered with boats, and spanned by a long bridge crowded with people, some bearing lanterns, for it is night. In another is a rosy sunset, distant dark mountains, and the sea dotted with islands, on which grow gaunt and straggling trees.

In another the deep blue sky and the sombre hills are relieved by the brilliant bloom of almond trees. In another the long unbroken roof of a factory, shut in by flowering trees, a river with boats, on its opposite bank a town, with its piers and wharves. The backgrounds of others are large flowers, or simply patterns. We have, however, enumerated enough to show their variety and interest.

There is an admirable harmony between the form and color of these fans; for while the square fans are decorated with a fulness and profusion of color, the prevailing tint of the more elegantly-shaped ones is a pale gradated blue or green, on which the figures tell out as brilliant spots of color; and as the form of these fans is lighter and the color more delicate, so is the treatment of the subjects on them more comical and amusing. The interest centres in the figures; there are no backgrounds like those previously described.

On one we see two women dressed in long crimson robes, one, pulling up a young tree by the roots, and tripped up by her dress, has fallen backwards. On another are two boys wrestling in a meadow, another boy acting as umpire. Two figures in a boat picking the

splendid flowers of a water lily, a grotesque figure behind punting, a picnic party on the pleasant banks of a river, and gorgeously-dressed figures, some kneeling, some dancing, some flirting, form some of the varied subjects of these pictures. The reverse sides of these oval fans are similar to those of the square form, and though exceedingly simple they are not devoid of interest. They consist generally of a spray of flowers, of birds on the wing or arranged ornamentally, and a great variety of objects, all drawn with facility and power. Occasionally we find a more important subject, as a waterfall, or rather a large river falling over the irregular edge of a vast amphitheatre, and forming a series of waterfalls, while in the foreground is a party of tourists. This landscape has all the appearance of having been drawn from nature, and if so there must be scenery in Japan well worth a visit.

The construction of the fans is worthy of notice. It is exceedingly simple and ingenious. About nine or ten inches of the plain stalk of a bamboo is split down to the joint into sixty or seventy segments, owing to the grain of the cane being perfectly straight, each of these filaments is of uniform thickness. They are then disposed so as to radiate from the joint, and are kept in their position by a strong packthread, which, interlacing them about two inches above the centre from which they spring, is fastened to the ends of a diminutive bow of bamboo. This passed through a hole in the knot, in precisely the same manner as the bow of a cross-bow is fixed into the stock, and is of sufficient strength to keep the packthread tight, and consequently to retain the ribs of the fan in a straight line. The plain bamboo below the joint forms the handle, which is six or seven inches long. The skeleton being thus constructed, the fan is finished by pasting paper over the back and front, cutting it to the proper form, and binding it with a hem, also of paper. Probably no other construction would so completely combine strength, lightness, and elasticity.

These fans are a great ornament to any room, and disposed in a circle in a hall or studio they form a most gorgeous mass of color, not only exceedingly beautiful, but highly suggestive. Their combinations of color are infinitely varied, while their decorative rendering of the ordinary incidents of life and facts of nature points to an almost entirely new field for our ornamental art. The value of Japanese work to artists and decorators can hardly be exaggerated, and we would only beg any sceptic on this point to place it by the side of any ordinary English or French art manufacture. If he does not admit its superiority, he must at least confess we may learn much by its study. It also has qualities not necessarily purely ornamental, which are well worthy of imitation. Their drawing is so broad and simple that from that cause alone it is almost poetical, and their color, if at times a little heavy and over-gorgeous, is often solemn, and never glaring or vulgar.

For wall-papers, illustrations to books, and many ornamental purposes, very valuable suggestions may be derived from a careful examination of the technical processes of the Japanese. The pictures on these fans are evidently printed from wood blocks, and are in transparent color, beautiful in quality and wonderfully even. It is easy enough to lay a

flat tint in opaque color, and not so in a transparent pigment. From a careful examination of the granulated quality of some of the tints, we are inclined to think that the surface of the wood blocks is in a line with the grain of the wood, and not across it, as with us. The gradated tints are carefully laid on the block with a brush, and wiped off in the manner so often adopted in the printing of French etchings. In some transparent strips for window-blinds which we have seen, the pattern on some of the draperies appears to be executed by simply wetting the block on which it is engraved, and applying it to the dry surface of a previously laid tint, and dragging the block with an even pressure about an eighth of an inch, thus leaving a pattern of peculiar delicacy and beauty, the upper edges being clear, light, and sharp, the lower, dark and gradated.

As our taste improves and our commerce with the Japanese extends, there is every chance of their art becoming every day better known and appreciated. But it is to be regretted that the almost inevitable result of a commercial demand for their work will be an immediate deterioration of its quality. The Japanese art at present bears about the same relation to the Chinese that gold does to brass. But it was not so always. Chinese art has been ruined by the demand for it. Those who care to see the utter degradation to which it has come have only to look at the glaring and trumpery fans that are sent over to supply the English market. Even their china is not only coarse, but is already in exceedingly bad taste, and, on the principle of "*Corruptio optimi pessima*," there is every prospect of its becoming offensively vulgar.

In comparing the respective merits of the best European examples with those of the Japanese, we must not forget that to most of us Japanese art is invested with the charm of novelty; and though the barbaric splendor and picturesque effect of a system which turns all visible nature to its use may for a time be very seductive, the learned grace and studied symmetry of well-designed European ornament will always assert its pre-eminence. It is more beautiful, more orderly, more chaste and refined in exactly the same degree as the European mind excels the Asiatic. We should study, digest, and assimilate the excellencies of the one without being diverted from that other type which is doubtless most in harmony with our intellectual nature.

A FATAL GIFT.

There are many wishes which we habitually conceive and express, without considering what the result would be were it possible to realize them, and what enormous consequences their realization would entail. For instance, we are apt to exclaim, when perplexed by the conduct of others, "I'd give anything to know So-and-So's thoughts!" A facility of this kind seems, at the first blush, to promise an easy solution of our difficulties. The effect of realizing this wish will, however, be illustrated in the following narrative:

I was sitting up late one Saturday night finishing my sermon for the following Sunday; and the completion of which, as was very frequently the case with my sermons, had been delayed to the last moment, owing to the pressure of other duties. This subject, which I had afterwards strange reasons for remembering, was FAITH.

I had been endeavoring to point out that what men find so difficult in a religious sense, really forms the foundation of secular life. Take, for instance, our investments of money, our whole system of commercial credit, nay, higher than that, our dearest domestic relations, our best social affections. "Why, without Faith," I had written, "the world would come to a dead-lock; there would be an end of concerted action; men would be perfectly isolated. Faith was the cohesive principles which bound together the human atoms." I little thought that that very night would afford me a terrible illustration of what I had written in the spirit of speculative contemplativeness.

Just as I had finished my discourse, I heard a low, single rap at the street-door. The servant had gone to bed, so I undid the bolts and looked out; and eventually looking down, I discovered a little scared girl not more than seven years old standing in the doorway.

"Please sir, Mr. C—— is very ill, and would like to see you."

Mr. C——! the name was not familiar to me; but reflecting for a moment, I recollected meeting a gentleman of that name some years back. "What's the direction?" I asked.

"——, Adelphi Chambers," said the child.

"I'll be there directly," I replied (with a sigh, I confess), for the rain was coming down heavily, and I had had a hard day's parochial duty.

I pulled on my boots accordingly, and with coat and umbrella, sallied forth. I was admitted into the house by a decent looking woman, who, I presumed, was the keeper of the chambers. She led me up-stairs—cheerless chamber stairs; and I shuddered as she went before me with the feeble light.

"It is well for me to be here," I thought, "if I can in anywise comfort a poor creature dying without the support of home-care and affection."

I stopped the woman at the chamber-landing, and made her communicate to me some particulars of the case. The malady, it appeared, had quite puzzled the doctors; the woman herself thought Mr. C—— was troubled by something on his mind.

"He has lived here, sir," said she, "for about six months; a nice quiet gentleman, and no trouble: but from the first there was something strange in his manner. He always seemed to want to be to himself; me or my husband being in the room seemed to irritate him; and he never liked to be waited upon by anybody but our little girl. Since his illness he has had a screen drawn close round his bed, and he don't like anybody to see him: not even the doctor."

As I entered the room, where a shaded candle was dimly burning, in one corner I perceived a small camp bed, almost concealed by a curtained screen. The woman mentioned my name, and withdrew. Then a voice, feeble but perfectly articulate, addressed me from behind the curtain.

"I am deeply our debtor for coming to see

me at such a time." I expressed my hope that I might be of comfort to him. "Will you be good enough," he continued, "to take a seat near my bed, without disturbing the curtains; the request is strange, but I will explain it by-and-by."

I did as he desired.

"Perhaps," said he, "you have not forgotten my name: we met casually some years ago. I have forgotten my name: we met casually some years ago. I have not forgotten you! Your manner and appearance made a very deep impression on me; and when I chanced to hear that you were living in this district, I could not resist sending for you, in a sort of vain hope that you might afford me some alleviation."

I signified to him that my mission was rather to deal with spiritual affliction.

"Ay," said he, "there's the source of the malady. I fear cure is beyond your power; but this night I am impelled by a strong desire to speak out the terrible secret which is consuming me. The last time we met, was if you recollect, at R——'s rooms; and the conversation even there turned on mesmerism. I was an enthusiastic mesmerist; I mesmerized some of the party, and you were much interested in the experiments. I remember your saying that this new discovery, whereby the troubled spirit might be wrapped in calm and released from pain, was a precious gift, but manifestly very liable to abuse, and should therefore be religiously exercised for the benefit of mankind, and not for the purposes of vain curiosity. I treated your words lightly at the time, but I have often thought of them since. I have learnt, in a terrible manner, that they were signally true."

"I was a most skillful mesmerist—in other words, by intense strength of will I could subdue the submitted volition of other people. The longer I exercised this gift, the stronger my power grew; at last I no longer required perfect submission from those on whom I operated. I could encounter mental opposition, and overcome it."

"You must bear patiently with me if I am somewhat exact and minute in describing this psychological process. At first I could only deal with a mind which thought of nothing but me; then I acquired the power of driving away extraneous thought from the mind of the patient, and substituting the thought of Me exclusively."

"When I first acquired the latter power I could merely detect a mental opposition, which seemed like a painful depression cast on my own mind; but gradually, as my power grew, I could distinguish the opposing thought thrown like a reflection in a mirror on my own mind. Sometimes the thought was fear—sometimes a proud desire not to be overcome. As I was very careful to verify the truth of my discernment, I made my patients, after the trance was over, call to mind, as far as possible, their last thought before unconsciousness began; and invariably the thought which had existed in the mind of the patient had coexisted in my own mind."

"Would to God I had been contented thus far! It was in my power to benefit others largely by affording them freedom from pain, but the desire of being able to read the thoughts of men absorbed me. The slight progress I had made seemed but the germ of

a mighty power of which the world had no conception."

"To be master of the motives of men's actions, to watch the gradual development of thought into action—above all, to be able to unmask false profession by a knowledge of the actual feeling—this was a gift of unferring power incalculable."

"And out of much meditation upon this idea there grew a colossal fascination which grasped my whole soul."

"Alas! there is always more or less of isolation in the intensity of a great thought; when deeply seated, it dries up our sympathies and feeds upon the social inclinations of the heart."

"You know how the alchemists of the middle ages labored in the hope of discovering the golden secret of the physical world; how they spent time, and thought, and substance in the work. You have read, perhaps, Béalzac's 'Recherche de l'Absolu?' I was striving for the golden secret of the mental world; no trouble was too great, no labor too hard for me; and as it was well known in the profession that I possessed the power of lulling pain, doctors would send for me at all times day and night, to ease the anguish of patients whose maladies defied opium itself. I used to answer their call with the greatest readiness, for severe pain, by distracting the mind of the sufferer, increased the difficulty I had in subduing that mind to my own, and my power always grew stronger after opposition."

"For a long period I did not progress beyond the ability to feel with the greatest clearness the thoughts in my patients' minds prior to their lapsing into the trance. I attained my higher power suddenly. One day I had succeeded in alleviating a case of severe pain. The sufferer was the son of a very old man, and the father thanked me with tears in his eyes, grasping my hands."

"The doctor told me," said he, "that if we could subdue the pain he might live a few days yet—my other boy may reach home in time to see him."

"Instantly I recognized a strange thought in my mind, and I looked sternly in the old man's face."

"You hope your other son will return in time?"

"Ay, that I do," replied the old man, somewhat flurried with my glance, "they are so fond of one another."

"I hurried from the house, jumped into a cab and drove to the —— Insurance Office. It happened that I was acquainted with one of the clerks. I inquired whether So-and-So, mentioning the dying man's name, was insured there."

"He is," replied my friend, "and if he lives another two days a handsome bonus will be added to his policy."

"The clerk's words sufficed to tell me that I possessed my long-sought power. While the old man was lavishing his thanks upon me in the sick room, I had felt his thought, 'that if his son lived two days longer, the policy would possess additional value.'"

"Surely, sir," said I, interrupting his narrative, "this was merely some casual coincidence of thought."

"Coincidence, indeed," replied the voice, mournfully, "but constant, not casual."

"From that day was given me the gift of

reading human thought; a few, only very few, minds were sealed from my introspection. At this period the conditions and limitations of my power appeared to be these. I had to hold the person's eyes steadily on mine, my mind required to be as much as possible in a passive state, vacant of thought, for positive thought dimmed, or quite effaced, the thought reflected from the other mind.

"Ah! I tremble now when I think of it, the towering pride and exultation which beset me as I left that assurance office; as I strode along the busy city streets, men seemed dwarfs, pigmies, in comparison with my power. I laughed as I thought of their comparative impotence. I was strangely moved, too full of strong feeling to exercise my power again that day; but when I got home I shut myself up in my room, and let exultation have full sway; and a great tide of thought at the wondrous consequences of my gift flowed through my excited mind."

I interrupted him at this point, and strongly insisted that this could only be some strange hallucination which ought to be fought against, prayed against, and resolutely conquered.

"Ay, ay!" was the reply; "I have hugged that idea, clung to it, prayed, fervently prayed, that it might be after all some vain delusion. No, no, that hope's passed, but you must hear my case out before you can suggest any remedy."

"Alas!" he continued, "my power has been verified hundreds of times. I have never been in error."

"I recollect even on that first day of exultation, after the first fervid burst was over I trembled at my vast power. Even then a sense of desolation, of utter isolation, overcame me. I had broken through the mental limits of mankind. I must traverse this new realm of knowledge without help—without sympathy; friendship could give me no comfort—wisdom no advice. I was sole tenant of a new world, without chart, without rule, without serviceable law. I stood alone, with my wretched feeble reason to uphold me. And yet at first glance conduct would seem very easy; thought is the parent of action: if we are cognizant of thought we can predict action. Not so! Thank God—not so. I have seen men, good men in the world's estimation, yet the thoughts of their hearts, the promptings of passion, have been vile; but the world was right, those very men have after all acted well. I have seen the temptation to evil, and the strong habit of right, almost *unthought*, which in a moment thrust back evil and forced to virtuous action. Ah! I have seen noble thoughts, piety, grand aspirations. I could have humbled myself and knelt before some men, and yet all this greatness has been lost in mean and selfish acts."

"Alas! I only beheld the thoughts of men, to become mystified by their subsequent actions. I trusted where I was deceived; I doubted where I might have trusted; mankind perpetually falsified my predictions. What wonder? I had only my poor trivial unaided reason to guide me amid the infinite complexities of the soul. The consequent labor of attempted analysis has worn my mind and body. In the personal intercourse of life I dare not trust: I may not doubt. Oh! I have prayed for faith—prayed that my awful vision might be microscopically darkened, that I

might be led back to that open judgment-ground of mortals,—positive acts."

At this point Mr. C— seemed somewhat exhausted and asked me to give him the lemonade. I was very much moved by his strange confession—the gloom of the room, the dead silence of the large house, broken only by the voice of the hidden speaker, feeble at times, then suddenly breaking out in painful energy—the thin, worn hand stretched through the curtain to grasp the glass. I felt that this extraordinary delusion, evidently deep seated, was not to be uprooted by mere emphatic contradiction or ridicule. I hoped by inducing him to relate some of the experiences upon which he had built his terrible conclusion, I might convince him of some fallacy, of some erroneous assumptions in his train of argument.

"I think," said I, addressing him, "I understood you to say that you have never revealed this faculty of yours to any one?"

"What!" he exclaimed vehemently, "and let men know my power, so that they should cast me forth as an unhallowed spy—all shrinking from me, as some involuntarily shrunk from Dante, declaring he had walked in hell—no! I was isolated enough without that."

"Still," said I, "you were certainly wrong, because another, free from that morbid feeling which exists in your mind, might have been able to show you that this coincidence of thought, upon which you base your supposed power, was merely the natural effect of common circumstances upon two minds. Relate to me one of your strongest instances."

He assented to my proposal.

"I had an old uncle," said he, "who was very well off. I was his favorite nephew, the son of a sister who had been very dear to him. He was a kind, good old man, somewhat sensitive in matters of courtesy and attention. When I grew so entirely absorbed in my great idea, I gave up all social intercourse, and entirely neglected my uncle, as well as the rest of my friends. People used to tell me that a young cousin of mine, home from his first voyage, was staying at my uncle's house; that I risked my chance of after-fortune by my imprudent conduct. I paid attention to none of these warnings, and one night I was sent for in a great hurry; my uncle had had a sudden fit, and was fast sinking. I hastened to the house; on entering the room I found my uncle was in a heavy dose of unconsciousness, but on my approaching the bed, he feebly opened his eyes and gazed vacantly on me without the slightest sign of recognition."

"He does not know you," said my cousin.

"But he did know me! the body was fast sinking, yet the mind was still active. I felt, as I looked deeply in his eyes, his thought of returning tenderness—Janet's only son—and then the terrible regret that *that* was not signed. In my desperation I seized pen and paper—I thrust the pen into his hand, and clasped the yielding fingers on it."

"It is too late!" said my cousin.

"No, no!" I replied.

"It was too late. The pen fell away from the nerveless hand, but I felt the intense inward struggle which strove in vain to reanimate the failing strength of the dying man."

"Allow me to observe," said I, "that I cannot consider this as any proof of your power

—you knew that your uncle's affections were bowed towards you, that your cousin would in all probability be his heir—all the rest was merely the effect of excited imagination."

"You are too hasty, sir," was the reply to my objection. "We found, on searching my uncle's papers, a will in his desk, making my cousin his heir, to my entire exclusion, but so convinced was I of the truth of what I had felt pass in my uncle's mind, that I made unabated search through all the papers, even waste papers—and in the waste-paper basket, thrown in by the servant who cleared the room, I took up a common circular which, from its date, my uncle must have received the very morning of his seizure, and turning over to the blank sheet, I discovered in his handwriting the draft of a codicil which would have made me joint-heir with my cousin; but it was nothing more than a draft."

"Again, sir! I knew my cousin was a young man of generous feeling—I say I knew this, because when we discovered the will, I saw his *inward* feeling of surprise, his regret that I had been entirely excluded, and his fear lest I should think he had been undermining my credit with my uncle. Surely, I thought, he will be affected now by this evidence of my uncle's feeling, and will to some extent act upon it. I gave him the memorandum to read. I watched him very intently. After reading he was silent awhile, and then I saw to my astonishment great exultation in his mind that the document was legally invalid. Hard words were rising to my lips—thank God! I spoke them not; with utterance sudden as thought he swore to act upon the codicil. I grasped his hands, expressing my deep sense of his noble conduct. 'Tell me, Harry,' said I, at length, 'did not you at first feel glad that the codicil was not signed?'

"How the deuce did you guess that?" he replied; "I did feel glad for a moment!—but I kicked that thought to the devil!"

It was clearly hopeless to try to satisfy Mr. C— of the fallacy of his idea through his own narratives. He had evidently squared all his proofs with such strange ingenuity. I trusted, therefore, that something might occur under my own cognizance which would enable me by the impartial use of fact to satisfy him of his error.

"What was wealth to me?" he continued—"my terrible power was growing, I no longer required contact of vision; merely personal presence unobstructed within a certain distance sufficed. To possess any peace of mind in the presence of others, I am forced to conceal myself, to veil in my vision. I told you there were some few who were sealed from my power; these were the friends I loved best—I know not why, or how—perhaps from that strong element of faith which is contained in true love. Alas! one by one, my power gradually prevailed over these. I was forced to leave them; the world thought me fickle and inconstant; I could not help that; it was so utterly wearisome to bear in one's bosom the thoughts of others—so dreadful to behold continually the anatomy of the soul, to be perpetually reasoning out men's acts from their thoughts. You know how pleasant are the words of friendly intercourse, how refreshing is the sound of friendly talk, but here was the climax of my misery—I felt the idea before the tongue spoke it—the human voice was never

fresh to me, it was always telling an old tale, falling flat and sickening on the ear.

"At last there was only one being over whose mind I was powerless—oh! how desperate I clung to her—how earnestly I prayed of her to accept me. It was ecstatic, that doubt of mine, while I waited for her reply; that thrill of uncertainty, as I gazed into her dark eyes, and rejoiced in their glorious mystery—and then her sweet voice falling fresh, oh! so fresh upon my ears—her words, sweeter to me than softest music, springing from an unfathomed heart, and assuring me, with sincere emotion, that that heart was mine. I loved her with all the happiness of faith! I have no words to describe the intensity of my feeling. Do you recollect that German ballad—

"I knew but heaven in Wilhelm's kiss,
And all is hell without it."

"That was my love for her! ay, and intensified far beyond the poet's meaning—it was the last bond that held me to the common joys of mankind. They might well say I worshipped her—I could sit for hours gazing silently on the play of her eyes, listening to the slightest things she uttered. I can never make you understand what her voice was to me—her voice, the only voice in the world I could bear to hear. I used to tremble at the thought of losing her. Not by death—for she had all the chances of youth and strength, but from my terrible power. I reasoned thus: love for a while had saved me some friends; but I loved this girl far beyond friendship, and love would be her shield. Again, I had observed that the smallest feeling of doubt towards any friend had been the commencement of my fatal vision—but doubt towards her was impossible, for I loved her with the strongest faith.

"Nevertheless I was to be isolated from all the world—doubt did come one day. Clara had a cousin, a wild young fellow, who had been shipped by his family to Australia for the double purpose of reformation and fortune. It seems he had been always fond of her, but her friends would never listen to his proposals. Some time after our engagement he returned to England, having made a good round sum in the gold scramble. I met him at a party to which I had accompanied Clara and her mother. I saw on our introduction that he had an aversion to me, and independently of this I was not prepossessed by his manner and appearance. I told Clara my feeling, and she defended him, as I thought, rather too warmly.

"In the course of the evening, while I was talking to Clara, he came and stood near us; our conversation, which had been in reference to him, was silenced by the singing. I knew not what induced me to direct my attention towards him—he was gazing earnestly on Clara; I felt the violent love which was raging in his bosom, and the wild lawless inclination to make her his. Involuntarily I turned to Clara. Cursed doubt was in my mind arising out of our previous conversation. In an instant I beheld her thought—tenderness and love toward her cousin!

"And then by a new access of my power the thoughts of both those minds were mirrored in mine—oh it cuts very sharp to know a rival's love, but think of the bewildering torture of feeling that rival's love, and the love

felt towards him at work in your own breast!

"In my pain and anger I was advancing towards this man. Then flashed on my mind with a force before which the previous feeling with all its intensity shrivelled away, the terrible fact that my last hope was gone. I had read her mind—I must be alone henceforth."

The voice gradually dropped into indistinctness—I listened, there was a dead silence, I drew back the curtain—he had fainted—poor C—! how sadly altered from the young man I recollected but a few short years back. The light fell horizontally on his pale face, on the ridges revealed and the hollows in dark shade worn by the fever—his fatal imagination. . . .

C—permitted me to state his real condition to the doctor. This gentleman was a very clever, clear-headed, and benevolent man, and took immense interest in the case. Both of us reasoned with C— upon his hallucination. I strove on religious grounds to show him the improbability of such a condition being divinely permitted. We both of us blamed him for having doubted on such frivolous grounds his betrothed's love and fidelity.

He told us it was this last struggle which had so completely worn away his health. This love for her cousin, as far as he had seen, was only a passing thought; but alas! his joy in her was at an end; her voice had lost its sweetness, her eyes the mysterious delight—he dared not bind himself to a life of perpetual attraction and repulsion, beholding all the fluctuations of her thoughts, yet never knowing her true feelings. Love was impossible without faith.

He had broken off the match, offering what compensation money could afford—this had been proudly refused, but he had made his will in her favor.

We urged upon him that he ought at the least to take the lady's word whether or not the thought he had mentioned had ever existed in her mind. With some difficulty, upon giving our pledge to act with fairness in the matter, we induced him to agree to this proposition.

We had every hope that her disavowal would afford us a lever to uproot his strange convictions.

At C—'s desire I called upon Miss M—, I saw her and her mother. She, poor girl, evidently loved C— still, and was much distressed to hear of his dangerous condition. It appeared that he had excused himself for breaking off the match, on the ground of some hereditary malady, and he had blamed himself in strong terms for ever making her and offer. From what Mrs. M— said, she seemed to regard C— with pity rather than with resentment, notwithstanding the sad trial it had been to her daughter. I stated the object of my visit; that it would afford much consolation to C—, if Miss M— would visit him, and answer a certain doubt which existed in his mind; it was right for me to state that the question which would be asked was of a painful nature, but I was quite convinced that one true word from Miss M— would explain the whole matter at once. Miss M— and her mother readily agreed to my request.

It was a very painful meeting. The curtain had been drawn back. Miss M—,

her mother, and the doctor stood at the end of the bed; I was at C—'s side, and as he was very weak he requested me to speak. After recalling to Miss—'s recollection the events of the particular evening (it was less than a year from that day) and stating that C— made no question of the sincerity of her love (he also speaking to the same effect himself), I asked her whether she could remember at the particular moment just before C— fainted in the room, experiencing a feeling of regard towards her cousin?

C—, in breathless suspense, bent forward in his bed, and regarded her intently. She, poor girl, was deeply moved, blushing crimson. Her mother interposed with warmth, and denied my right to ask such a question. I expostulated, and prayed of her to allow her daughter to answer.

The doctor suddenly moved forward: C— had fallen back insensible! And then Miss M—, hurrying to the bedside, and kneeling as she clasped C—'s hand, confessed that the thought had passed through her mind—"a morbid folly," she cried, "the recollection of childish days, of what people had said, as boy and girl, of their marrying;" she had never approved of her cousin's conduct since he had grown up—she had refused his hand but a month ago.

From this time C— gradually sank.—
ONCE A WEEK.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS, RETURNING TO HIS MANSION,
FINDETH HIS WIFE AT THE GRAND PIANO-FORTE.

Sing to me, love, I need thy song,
I need that thou should'st cheer me well,
For everything is going wrong,
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my banker's book,
I'm teased for loans by brother John;
Last night our clerk eloped, and took
Two thousand pounds—sing on—sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;
My mortgagee has gone to law,
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh.
My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student fight at Bohn;
My tailor serves me with a writ
For three years' bills—sing on—sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,
But go and spend a month at Ems;
My coachman, overcome by drink,
Near Barnes upset me in the Thames.
My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand upon;
The other's knees are such a sight,
He'll never sell—sing on—sing on.

My love, no tears? I'll touch thee now:
Thy parrot in our pond is drowned;
Thy lap-dog met a furious cow,
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;
Thy son from Cambridge must retire
For tying crackers to a don;
Thy country-house last night took fire—
It's down, sweet love—sing on—sing on.

[Punch.]

—Maximilian, of Mexico, has written to Paris, requesting that the statues of the Theatre Français may be forwarded to him, with a view to applying them to a theatre in his capital: they will probably come too late. So Max. had better go on with his great farce.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

Office of Publication: No. 64 NASSAU STREET,
New York City.

Post-Office Address: Box 2120, N. Y.

PRICE, \$3.00 A YEAR. 6 CENTS A NUMBER.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1888.

The London *ATHENÆUM* recently announced that the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin had declined to receive an ancient gold cup, bequeathed to them by Smith O'Brien, on the ground that they had no place in which a gift so valuable could be securely kept. We recommend that it be sent over to the Fenian palace in Union Square where all valuables are sure to be taken good care of.

The well-known poet and humorist "Wild Egerton," of Chicago, has prepared a lecture on New York and its characteristics which he has been invited to deliver in most of the leading towns in the West. He has spent several months here collecting together material, and we have no doubt that he will give a most pleasing and picturesque performance.

A friend writes us to ask in what old ballad is to be found the line

Douglass, Douglass, tendir and treu.

Will some of our learned readers send us word?

A rubicund old gentleman in Wall street was pointed out to us yesterday as having been a Collector of the Port of New York for over fifty years. He looked so, and the Port seemed to agree with him.

Mr. Henry Morford delivers his third discourse on European matters this evening, at Dodworth Hall. Those who have sat under him, hitherto, speak of the experience with feeling.

People who continue to subscribe to Mutual Coal Companies (with one or two exceptions) may be said to lack a warner.

The mammoth *NATION* is in want of "light articles:"

And Ajax asked for light—he asked no more.

Fernando Wood is said to have offered his "good offices" to a branch of the Fenians: rent not stated.

A correspondent writes to inquire if we do not think the Fenians should be recognized everywhere as belligerents. We certainly do.

An Exchange says:—You never [should] place so much confidence in your minister as to sleep during the sermon.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I have a pile of about ten cords of announcements to attend to this week, Mr. Editor: yes, and a Cordova—which is pretty rough.

But let the Cordova go.

In fact, I wish now that I had owned up to the "rum and recklessness" alluded to last week, and "stayed dead."

This would have been rather cruel on "C. B. S." to be sure; but in times like these, when everything but under-clothing is beneath notice and the thermometer is below contempt, every man must take care of himself.

That is, if he can.

I have had no time to take care of *myself* this week, having been occupied all the time taking care of my stove, and trying, out of sheer compassion, to keep it warm.

And, by the way, if you want to hear a good story about the said stove—and where it came from—and who made it—go to Pfaff's some night when Edgardus is there, and he will give it you before you have time to ask him.

I tell you what, Sir, it's a grate story; and, coming from Ed., you may be sure it loses nothing in the telling.

I think he likes to repeat it in revenge for my having stated, a week or two ago, that he was joint-author with De Walden of the sensation play to be brought out, on Monday, at Wood's new theatre; which he says is a worse joke than the "rum and reckless" one that De Walden (or whoever) undertook to fasten upon me.

And this reminds me to say that the play in question is an adaptation of a French piece, and that De Walden has taken such liberties with it that nearly all the characters, all the dialogue, all the situations, and all the scenery—are new.

In a word, not a tittle of the original is left; no, not even the title—De Walden's being "The Balloon Wedding," for the reason, probably, that there is to be no balloon in the piece, and as much as ever a wedding.

However, there *will* be Frank Chanfrau (y' a bet you); and there *will* be the Hanlon Brothers; and there *will* be Sylvestre's "Enchanted Fountain;" and there *will* be an "Arion Masked Ball" (minus the Arions); and, unless the author fails of his usual mark, there will *not* be any dullness in the play.

The scenery will of course be good, as otherwise (and here comes a subtle witticism) it would go against the Grain of the establishment—or shall I be wittier still, and say the Grain of the Wood?

And apropos, why didn't Wood call his new theatre the St. Nicholas Theatre?

It is exactly opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, and the name, besides being a right jolly one, would serve to indicate [the locality of the house

Adopt it now, Mr. Wood; it is never too late to mend.

So it isn't, Mr. Editor, and that suggests to me to call your attention, again, to the fact

that Charles Reade's great play of "Never too Late to Mend" is in active preparation at Wallack's, and that as soon as "Henry Dunbar" (brought out last Wednesday) has finished its off-and-on career there, you may look out for it, in nearly all the splendor of its original mounting, and with a cast which it would be well worth the author's while to come over and see—as it is not impossible, if the piece runs long enough, that he will do.

Meantime, don't forget "H. Dunbar," of whom (or which) more presently.

Also, before Wallack is out of mind, note that next Wednesday afternoon he gives up his theatre to Wehli, the great pianist, who, assisted by M^{me}. Fleury Urban and Mr. S. C. Campbell, will tickle your musical palate with a first-rate Chickering salad.

And, speaking of musical palates, how I envied you fellows who had a chance two or three times this last week to go to the Bateman Concerts and hear M^{lle}. Parepa again!

I don't know that I have mentioned it, but I was at home trying to keep that stove warm.

"Old King Coal is a jolly old soul,"

but I assure you he gives me a great deal of trouble.

Well, when since the days of Jenny Lind have you heard such a voice as Parepa's?

A musical young friend to whom I generously gave my tickets (not being able to use them) has been raving about it ever since, and trying to reproduce its superb notes on the violin: Levy (another of the Bateman troupe) might as well try to reproduce them on that cornet-à-piston of his.

But you have heard Parepa, so whatever I might say about her would sound tame.

I notice, by the way, that Bennett threw a handful of dirt at her the other day; but I notice, also, that it fell so far short as to besmear only his own face, which is already coated by such operations.

His next subject will probably be Miss Bateman. Since his fiendish treatment of Booth—a repetition of which, as I said last week, would have caused the grave-diggers at the corner of Broadway and Ann street to hurry up their work—he has found it best to turn his attention to women, no one of whom, unless she "advertises in the *HERALD*," or unless the public, meanwhile, take the matter in hand (as they have begun to), will be safe for an instant from his attacks.

On second thought, I think he will let Miss Bateman alone.

The welcome which will be given to her at Niblo's after her long absence in England, will be such as can hardly fail to have its warning effect even upon a Bennett.

But hold; I must beg pardon of the lady for having spoken her name in any such dishonoring association.

Suffice it that she is back with us again—crowned with honors—rejoicing still in the freshness of youth and beauty—elated at the prospect of fresh triumphs—and certain that, both as a lady and as an artist, she occupies a place in the affections of our people second to that of no member of her profession.

It will not, therefore, be so much a desire to see Miss Bateman again in her great character of Leah, that will crowd Wheatley's immense theatre next Monday, as a desire to hail the return to our shores of an amiable and accomplished young actress, who, having

done better to see a play, than to receive the congratulations of her friends, and renew her friends to their regard.

I know not how others feel about it, Mr. Editor, but to me these demonstrations of the public (for publics are not ingrateful whether re-publics are or not) toward their theatrical favorites—as in the case of Miss Bateman and Mr. Booth—are really touching.

They show that there is, after all, something much better and higher among us than the spirit of traffic; while they also show that the horrible spirit of bigotry which would make all plays contraband, and reduce all players to the condition of outcasts, has, with other Puritan fanaticisms, about passed away.

You could hardly have credited such a thing a few years ago, but among the crowds who are flocking nightly to the Winter Garden to see Mr. Booth and admire his masterly impersonation of Hamlet, not a few occupy distinguished positions, clerical as well as lay, in the church.

So you see the world moves—and moves in the right direction.

Dr. Bellows has now no more occasion to defend the stage than Solon Shingle has to defend the pulpit.

Apropos, have you seen Solon since he got back from London?

I haven't, on account of — that stove; but I heard a wag say of him, last night, that he didn't know whether one swallow made a summer or not, but he had been to the Broadway Theatre three or four times this week and could swear that one Shingle made a house.

But seriously, I ought to have seen Solon Shingle this week, if only to give an opinion (which would have settled the matter) as to the new version of his play, which is attributed to Solon himself, and is said to be as good as if it were done by Tayleure, who is Solon's other self.

However, there is plenty of time, as the piece will run, from present appearances, till Spring-tide.

One reason why I want to see it—independent of Solon—is to make it the text for a discourse on plays in general, and, especially on "sensational plays," to which I have become almost a convert.

Does this astonish you?

Well, then, if you want to know, classical plays (as commonly understood) seem to me about played out.

The same with classical players.

The whole business may be summed up in the one word (thanks to Dickens for it) "Turveydrop"—or, if you prefer, "Podsnap," either of which, being interpreted, means "Deportment."

I went the other night, as I told you I should, to see Lucille Western in "East Lynne."

Now, Miss Western has never been a favorite of mine—nor has "East Lynne"—but when, in common with the vast audience, I found myself, as the play went on, moved even to tears, how could I help feeling that here was something (call it art, artifice, sensation, allan, what you will) that appeals directly to the heart.

Go and see the play yourself to-night—it will be your last chance—and then tell me if I am not right, and if there is not something

in it, that is, in the play, that is, in the play, that is, in the play.

Why, if you notice, sensation business is now the order, even at Wallack's—as witness Tom Taylor's "Henry Dunbar, or the Outcast," just put on the boards there, and which will hardly be put aside even by "The Rivals," which is to be played at the same house, for the first time, on Monday.

I have no room to give the plot of the piece; but it is all along of a man who kills another man—and then takes the other man's name—then gets confounded by his own daughter with the other man whom she supposes is the murderer of the first man (to wit, her father)—and then gets pursued by the said daughter, who at last finds him, and, discovering that he is her father, becomes very miserable and determines to rescue him from the police, which first she does and then she doesn't, in consequence of which the first man—not the other man—immediately dies, and the piece comes to a mournful but, on the whole, satisfactory conclusion: all which, with love-scenes interspersed, and a first-rate comic villain to light up the piece now and then, makes what I call a first-rate sensation play.

And you should see Wallack's company play it.

Miss Henriques, as the daughter, gives us as finished a piece of comedy acting as I have seen this season; while Mr. J. W. Wallack as the wicked father (Henry Dunbar), Miss Gannon as the inevitable servant-girl, Mr. Charles Fisher as the comic villain, Mr. Young as a detective, and Mr. George Holland as a head-waiter, present a series of stage portraits such as it is difficult to forget.

I see that the critic of the TRIBUNE, with all his admiration of the acting, won't have the piece on any terms.

"That such a piece should be produced at the first theatre in the United States," he says, "is but another proof of the prevalence of the conviction that public taste prefers lurid sensation rather than the marble purity of classic art, or even the luxuriant embroidery of elegant artifice."

I rather think, William, that that is so; and that the "marble purity of classic art," and "even the luxuriant embroidery of elegant artifice" (whatever that is) are at present a little out of date.

Now please don't any body call me a "pervert" after the above heresies, else I'll go to Barnum's next week and report the "Eastern Extravaganza of the Illustrious Stranger, or Married and Buried," which I see is up for Monday, and which is a sensation play *par excellence*.

Meanwhile, all I promise myself in the classical way, for the present, is the Philharmonic Rehearsal at the Academy this afternoon with "Mozart's Symphony No. 1 in D," etc., and Theodore Thomas's Symphony concert this evening at Irving Hall when, in addition to a superb instrumental treat, we shall have another (and the last) opportunity of hearing the "Divine Harmonies."

If this is too much classic for me, I can run over to the New York Circus (late Hippodrome) and see the "Gipsy King and North in their great equestrian performance."

Besides, I have another theatre left—the Olympic—theatricals on Monday (Monte Cristo

to name a few). I have also a new novel, daily for E. J. B. under the title of "St. Mary or the Builder of Fortune."

As for Miss Easton's Theatre, so lately a Church, I fear it is being metamorphosed into a Synagogue—which is out of my line.

But now, Mr. Editor, comes what to me is the great sensation of the week, to wit the end of my Feuilleton and another occasion to assure you how truly I am

Yours and several other people's
FIGARO.

P. S.—Please note that this afternoon at half past one we are to have at the Broadway Theatre the first of a new series of "Solon Shingle Matinees."

The most entertaining Ladies' Newspaper ever issued in this country is THE BOURDOIS, published by Mr. John Swinton.

A benefit was given at the Mobile Theatre, on the night of the 28d, for the benefit of Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson.

Two hundred and seventy-five cases of divorce have been granted in Chicago the past year; the devotion to the union is very weak there.

Some commotion was created lately in the Mobile Theatre by several persons hissing the air of "Yankee Doodle" while the soldiers were applauding it; but no serious disturbance occurred.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

From the New York Herald, October 11th.

THE SATURDAY POST is a collection of unadorned truth, plain and direct, more than Mrs. Stowe's, and with the same business probity with which the old lady would have run on if her life had not been cut short.

From the New York Daily Times.

THE SATURDAY POST is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very excellent peculiarities of character and tone.

From the New York Sunday Courier.

THE SATURDAY POST contains wit enough, and good writing enough to enable it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

It is edited with much sprightliness and ability. Its dramatic feuilleton is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY POST and its specialities as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our readers distinctly to understand that the N. Y. SATURDAY POST is the most sane, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and pursue none of our exchange list, which is ever larger with half as much satisfaction as the SATURDAY POST. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY POST—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY POST is one of the liveliest and sanest of our exchanges.

From the Boston Herald.

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the latest news of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY POST—if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper—you will lay down again all you have read the last week. It is the best of papers.

HERMIONE, OR, DIFFERENCES ADJUSTED.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Wherever I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a Wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek;
Spectacles shadow her petty eyes,
Oculars rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has publish'd a book with a dreary name;
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek,
And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise, withal
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
Haunts me, and makes me appear so small.
The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione
(That is her fine-wise name), but she
Stoop'd in her wisdom and married me.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity;
The Latin they thrash'd into me at school
The world and its fights have thrash'd away.
At figures alone I am no fool,
And in City circles I may say.
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the Times,
When I lounge, after work, in my easy chair;
Punch for humor, and Praed for rhymes,
And the butterfly mors blown here and there
By the idle breath of the social air.
A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift
Guessing at meanings, to flutter over
A flagrant tale in a paper cover.

Hermione, my Hermione!
What could your wisdom perceive in me
And, Hermione, my Hermione!
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly?

Well, I have a bright-eyed boy or two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue about
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!
And my lady-wife with the serious eyes
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I!
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learned lips that the learned praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days:
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men;
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,
For she laughs, and blushes, and kisses again,
And, ranso! fly goes her wisdom then!
For Boy claps hands, and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (O the jest!)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth!

And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me;
Does not seem to see I am small—
Even to think me a dunce at all!
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out—
That Hermione, my Hermione,
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy and me,
Speaks sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
And the silly pride in her learned face!
That is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt;

But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why,
For whenever I think of it, night or morn,
I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born!

(For the Saturday Press.)

LIFE IN A BAR-ROOM.

FROM OUR BAR-ROOM CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR:

Human nature, as viewed in a bar-room, is very different to human nature anywhere else; therefore, as your special correspondent, I will, with your permission, occupy a little of your space with a slight sketch of what life in a bar-room is.

We there find every variety of character and temperament, and every shade of social condition.

There is the spendthrift and the pauper, the mechanic, the laborer, and the loafer.

The bar-room affords a complete and not uninteresting study for the student of human character.

Let us give a sketch of a New York bar-room which we visited only a night or two ago.

It is eight o'clock on a cold frosty evening, when friend meeting friend, they are very apt to invite one another to "smile."

There they are, standing at yonder bar, behind which stands the busy tender, with whom they seem familiar.

From their appearance and general conversation, it is evident they are clerks; for an attentive listener may occasionally catch the words, "dollars," "increase," "salary," "boss," etc.

They sip their hot toddy, and the conversation turns upon some "dear Julia" or "lovely Mary Ann," who would hardly be flattered, we imagine, at hearing their names rehearsed over toddy-hot at a public bar.

Behind these two young swells stands a man whose seedy attire, and thirsty look, stamps him as of the genus "bummer."

He is exceedingly anxious to have a part in the conversation, and takes advantage of an opportunity to put in a word, edging up alongside the bar at the same time, with a mighty insinuating glance at the whiskey-toddy.

Half an invitation to join in a drink is only required to bring forth an affirmative response.

He is a friend that will stick closer than a brother, so long as there is plenty of the good creature with which to satiate his greedy thirst.

As soon as he sees that your money is gone, he has "an appointment, and must be excused; but another night, etc."

Then comes the perpetual "topper;" there he is—that man with the beet-colored nasal organ.

So long as he has money, he spends it freely; and then, when that is gone, like our friend bummer, he insinuates himself into the good graces of more fortunate neighbors.

A jolly, but rather dilapidated looking fellow is the "topper."

When sober he is miserable, and when drunk he is the happiest man alive.

In another part of the room, sitting in a corner, is a somewhat sombre looking man, with his hat almost covering his eyes; his shoes down at the heels, and his garments generally of a by no means modern appearance.

He has a gloomy, well-polished boot, and is good-looking withal.

He is seldom known to spend a cent, but he doesn't object to take a drink and borrow a dollar.

He is essentially "hard up," "waiting for remittances," etc.

This man is termed, in bar-room lingo, a "dead beat."

He is very confidential.

He pours the story of his wrongs, his mishaps, his hopes and expectations, all, all into your ears; and this will he do for the trouble of a small loan.

He is ashamed to ask it, but then, you know, circumstances compel us.

Strange things are circumstances, and very opportune for our friend "dead beat."

In another part of the room, sitting in a corner, is a somewhat sombre looking man, with his hat almost covering his eyes; his shoes down at the heels, and his garments generally of a by no means modern appearance.

He seems known to most of the visitants.

He drinks a good deal when he has the money, and his general mode of bar-room life partakes, in a great measure, both of the "bummer" and the "beat;" the only difference being, he works when compelled.

This man may be recognized by various signs as a Bohemian of literature.

He is seen during all hours of the day flitting amongst the various newspaper offices.

Now he has an article for the DAILY WATCHER, and now a story for the WEEKLY MIRROR; and again, a sketch for the FAMILY GOSSIP.

A seedy looking customer is our Bohemian.

He is a favorite with the host at the bar, and is good for a drink; but, mind you, only a drink.

There it is that he is superior to the bummer and the beat, and you may be sure he appreciates the distinction.

The man who can obtain credit, even for a drink, is a veritable king in a bar-room.

Then we have the ordinary bar-room customer; the man when sober, talks rationally enough, and pays for all he calls for.

Sometimes, when a "little on," he quotes poetry, attempts to imitate Forrest or Booth, and, if a little "tighter," indulges in a song.

When in this state he is always "flush," and he is at once a jolly good fellow, which nobody will deny.

There are other characters to be met with in a bar-room, had we time to sketch them.

There is the roué, the gambler, and the pickpocket; the man of ruined reputation, the young man who promised well, the old man who has a tale to tell of bygone times.

The bar-room affords us truly an insight into human nature which we can obtain nowhere else.

In a future article we may probably refer to scenes in a bar-room at midnight, having special reference to those places open all night.

In the meantime, if any of your readers would know how half the world live, let them spend an evening in a Metropolitan Bar-Room.

M.

(For the Saturday Press.)

JOSH BILLINGS ON AMERIKANS.

Amerikans love ~~one~~ ~~stick~~ things; they would prefer turpentine ~~tew~~ ~~coldest~~ water, if they had tew drink either.

So with their ~~reliah~~ ~~of~~ ~~humor~~; they must hav it on the half-shell with cayenne.

An Englishman wants hiz fun smothered deep in mint sauce, and he is willing tew wait till next day before he tastes it.

If yu tickle or convince an Amerikan yu hav got tew do it quick.

An American luv tew laff, but he don't luv tew make a ~~blancess~~ ~~ov~~ ~~it~~; he works, eats, and haw ~~haws~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~canter~~.

I guess the English hav more wit, and the Amerikans more humor.

We havn't had time, yet, tew bile down our humor and git the wit out ov it.

The English are better punsters, but i kon-sider punning a sort ov literary prostitushun in which futur happyness iz swopped oph for the plezzure ov the moment.

There iz one thing i hav noticed: evry-boddy that writes expekts tew be wize or witty—so duz evryboddy expect tew be saved when they die; but there iz good reason tew beleave that the goats hereafter will be in the majority, just az the sheep are here.

Don't forgit ~~one~~ thing, yu hav got tew be wize before yu kan be witty; and don't forgit ~~two~~ things, a single paragraff haz made sum men immortal, while a volume haz bin wuss than a pile-driver tew others—but what would Amerikans dew if it want for their sensashuns?

Sumthing new, sumthing startling iz necessary for us az a people, and it don't make mutch matter what it iz—a huge defalkashun—a red elephant—or Jersee clams with pearls in them will answer if nothing better offers.

FROM DEBORAH DUNN'S LETTERS
TO THE BOUDOIR.

New York, December, 1865.

Nobody knows until they have tried how difficult it is to write a good story. It seems easy enough, especially when the plot is ready furnished to your hand. But it is not sufficient to string together, like onions, a series of incidents and events—they must not only be exciting and pathetic, like that fragrant vegetable, but they must agree harmoniously together (which mine never can be made to do,) and then again they must not overwhelm with their pungency. And of all stories, a humorous one requires the most pruning down. The trouble there is not that you will say too little but too much. Perhaps I am apt to say too much out of stories as well as in them. Perhaps I am deficient in humor, for I never could laugh very heartily at the clown in the circus, or at the fat countrymen who cracks jokes in the steamboat saloons; and I never could see anything very funny in bad spelling. Whatever the cause may be, my humorous stories are enough to make a harlequin weep; and this is why I never attempted to weave a story

out of an adventure of Mary last winter. I will tell you the incident as briefly as possible.

Did you ever amuse yourself reading the advertisements for wives which appear daily in some of the papers? There being five of us unmarried girls at home, our talk often runs, very naturally, upon lovers and husbands; and we frequently read these advertisements, and speculate as to what manner of men they may be who do such things. Well, one evening last winter, when we were chattering some foolish talk of this kind, Mary suddenly spoke out of her corner, where she had sat as quiet as a mouse: "We may all think such things very absurd; but very nice people, the best of people, as good as any of us, and people we know, too, take advantage of them."

We all stared. "Have you and the 'wealthy gentleman just returned from Europe' just signed a contract?" asked Susie, in her pertest manner.

"You are a ridiculous child," said Mary, coloring violently. "But do any of you know how Mrs. Clare Thornton made the acquaintance of her husband?"

"She met him first in Boston at a review, or parade, or something of that kind," said Helen. "She has told me, but I have forgotten."

"But did she tell you that she had corresponded with him before she met him?" asked Mary.

"Nothing of the kind," said Helen, "and I don't believe she did. Mrs. Clare Thornton would never do so unlady-like a thing."

"Ladylike or not, she did it," said Mary, rather warmly, I thought. "Patty Revere told me about it the other day, in the strictest confidence, and it must never be mentioned out of this sitting-room. Mr. Clare Thornton was a man of excellent family, and had wealth and position, and yet he advertised for a wife. Hannah Brown answered the advertisement; a meeting was arranged to take place on some public occasion, and she was to take a friend with her."

"Just like a duel," interrupted Susie.

"She took Patty, and she was punctual to the appointment. They were mutually pleased, and, after he had visited her for some time at her father's house, she became Mrs. Clare Thornton, with the approbation of all her friends."

"They both fired at the same time, and both shots taking effect, they were carried off the ground mortally wounded," said Susie, sticking her needle in the nose of a silk dog.

"Well, of all the strange things I ever did hear!" said Helen; and here she stopped. Helen's remarks are not very striking, generally, and whether she would have said any thing brilliant on this occasion, will never be known; for, Rob coming in, the subject was instantly dropped.

But I was not in the least surprised when Mary called me into the sitting room the next morning, and informed me in the lowest whisper, though there was no one else in the room, that she had answered an advertisement. "I am frightened whenever I think of what I have done, Deborah," said she, "and I wouldn't have done it but for poor Pa—he ought to be relieved of some of his burdens. Oh! you needn't laugh. I am telling the exact truth, and I feel as if I had done wrong, somehow, to stay here so long; but I couldn't

help it; and you know, and Ma knows, and we all know that it's dreadful for five unmarried girls to be in one family, and the youngest twenty-one; and I'm sure what's going to become of us I don't know; and all the young men in our set look out for rich wives, and I don't blame them, with muslin seventy cents a yard; and butter to match; and you know it's as much as we can do to get beaux to go about with us, to say nothing of lovers; Susie and Rob both call me an old maid; and it's too bad; there's no reason why I shouldn't get married as well as Mary English and Mary Miller, ugly, ill-tempered things as they are; and it's all because they have got money, and it's too bad—it's too ba-a-ad!" and here poor Mary broke into sobs.

I was sorry for her, for every word she had said was true, though we are not usually so very plain in our statements, even to each other.

"Come, Mary," said I, "what's the use of making all these excuses to me? Let me see the advertisement, in the first place."

She took a soiled and crumpled scrap of paper out of her pocket, whereon I read the following:

"A gentleman, thirty-six years of age, good-looking, and of pleasing manners and address, wishes to make the acquaintance of a lady between twenty five and thirty, with a view to matrimony. She must be agreeable, well educated, and of a domestic disposition. Money no object, as the advertiser has some property, and is at present engaged in a lucrative business. Address, etc., etc."

"It does not promise much at first sight," said Mary, "but I was pleased with it for that very reason. He evidently is not wealthy, but I agree with Augusta that it is much safer to marry a man who is doing a good business than one of those very rich men whose fortunes may be in stocks, or some of those other kind of things that burst in a moment, and where are you? The description of the lady suits me exactly. Between twenty-five and thirty—just my age." (Mary is thirty-one, but as she looks younger, I forebore to remind her of the fact).

"Have you proposed a place of meeting?" said I, not knowing exactly what else to say.

"Oh! no indeed! but I wrote to him under an assumed name, and asked him to send his photograph, which he did. I think I will tell aunt Hattie, and appoint the meeting at her house."

So saying, she took a vignette out of her pocket-book, and held it before me. It was a good face, but Mary praised it more than it deserved. "It seems to me," she said at last, surveying it critically, with her head on one side, "that I have seen that face before. It looks strangely familiar, and it may be we met, and did not know we were destined for each other."

The face had seemed familiar to me, too, and now, as Mary spoke, a horrible suspicion crossed my mind; but I said nothing.

Mary, in her usual blundering style, had forgotten to lock the door; and now her evil genius sent Rob into the room for his school books, and he was by her side and gazing at photograph before she knew he had entered the room.

"I'll be dinged" he exclaimed, "if that ain't the likeness of our milkman!"

What story Mary told Rob I never knew, for I made my escape that I might have a laugh in my own room. But the laugh ended in a cry while thinking of poor Mary, and many a woman like her.

BOOKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

THE WONDERFUL TALE ENTITLED;

HERMAN:

OR,

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD

Which sent an electric thrill through every reader, as it appeared, from week to week, in the National Era, is in press, and will soon be published in two handsome 12mo vols., by

LEE & SHEPARD,

149 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Advance orders from the trade solicited.

GREAT SUCCESS

OF THE

NEW WEEKLY,

Every Saturday.

The reception of the first number of EVERY SATURDAY has been most gratifying, three large editions having been exhausted immediately. The publishers have now ready

NUMBER TWO OF

EVERY SATURDAY,

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING,

SELECTED FROM

FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

The second number has the following attractive list of CONTENTS.

THE PERIANS OF BALLOONMUCKY, by Francis Power Cobbe.
AN ESSAY ON AN OLD SUBJECT, by Alexander Smith.
A NIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.
HERO-WORSHIP IN EXTREMIS.
FAST AND FINE; a romance of Marseilles.
ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.
GEORGE CRABBE, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.
THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.
UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

A NEW EDITION OF NUMBER ONE

is also now ready, containing articles by

JOHN BROWN, author of SPARE HOURS.

HENRY KINGSLEY, author of RAVENHOB.

JEAN INGELW.

FRANCIS POWER COBBE.

Each Number of EVERY SATURDAY is stereotyped, and Back Numbers can always be furnished.

TERMS:

SINGLE NUMBERS, 10 CENTS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$5.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

MONTHLY PARTS will be issued, containing 112 pages each, handsomely bound in an attractive cover, price 50 cents. Subscription price, \$5.00 per year in advance.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,

PUBLISHERS,

124 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Subscriptions received by B. H. TICKNOR, No. 823 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale by all Newdealers.

The British Fine Arts Publishing Co.

Have on hand a large variety of First Class English Engravings of Works of the most popular modern artists, fine Proof and Print Impressions at moderate prices, on view at their Gallery, 546 Broadway.

First class FRAMES of every style made to order.

ROSS & GENESE, MANAGERS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

AND

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

FOR

JANUARY, 1866,

ARE NOW READY.

The contents of the "ATLANTIC" are as follows

Passages from Hawthorne's Diary; Castles in the Beauty and the Beast; the Wilderness; the Bells of Lynn Heard at Nahant; the High Tide of December; Lucy's Letters; Doctor Johns; Wind the Clock; the Kingdom Coming; the Chimney Corner for 1866; Griffith Gaunt, II; Reviews and Literary Notices

Among the contributors to this number are HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, W. C. BRYANT, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, CHARLES READE, HAYARD TAYLOR, DONALD G. MITCHELL, Mrs. H. B. STOWE, author of Life in the Iron Mills, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, ANNE H. BREWSTER, and H. RICE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Contains the following articles:

The Three Lights, by Mrs. A.D.T. Whitney; the Two Christmas Evenings, by L. Maria Child; the Inequalities of Fortune, by Gail Hamilton; the Tale of Two Knights I., by Charles Dawson Shanly; the Tiny Mahogany Box, by Margaret Eytling; a Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the author of Faith Gartney's Girlhood; An Old Legend, by Rose Terry; the Hen that Hatched Ducks, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Two Ways of Telling a Story, by Jean Ingelow; an Adventure in the Vermillion Sea, by Capt. Mayne Reid; Harriet Beecher Stowe.

This Number contains a fine steel portrait of Mrs. Stowe and twenty-one illustrations from drawings on wood.

TERMS OF THE MAGAZINES:

THE ATLANTIC. Four Dollars per year for single subscriptions.

CLUB RATES.—Two Copies for seven Dollars; Five Copies for Sixteen Dollars; Ten Copies for Thirty Dollars; and each additional copy Three Dollars. For every Club of twenty subscribers an extra copy will be furnished gratis, or twenty-one copies for Sixty dollars.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Two Dollars per year for single subscriptions.

CLUBS. Three Copies for Five Dollars; Five Copies for eight Dollars; Ten Copies for Fifteen Dollars; Twenty Copies for Thirty Dollars; and an extra copy gratis to the person forming the club of twenty.

THE TWO MAGAZINES.—The Atlantic and Our Young Folks will be sent to one address for Five Dollars. POSTAGE must be paid at the office where the magazines are received.

All Subscriptions are payable in Advance.

All letters respecting the magazines should be addressed to the Publishers,

TICKNOR & FIELDS,

124 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

For sale by American News Company, wholesale agents, and by B.H. TICKNOR, No. 823 Broadway, N. Y., retail Agent for the sale of Ticknor & Fields' publications.

THE MUSIC READER,

BY

LEOPOLD MEIGNEN, Mus. Doc.

and WM. W. KEYS.

Price: Boards, \$1.00; per dozen, \$10.00.

Cloth, \$1.25; " \$12.00.

Just published a new work of Vocal Instruction, containing the principles and practice of the Art of Music, with a view especially to the reading of any and all Vocal Music at sight. The work is thorough and progressive, and we believe will be found better adapted to the object stated, than any work of the kind heretofore published.

By the following testimonials it will be seen that it has the endorsement of many of the leading Professors and Teachers of Music in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, April 4, 1865.

"Having examined the work in Vocal Instruction lately published by Messrs. Meignen & Keys, viz.: 'The Music Reader,' we cheerfully and heartily recommend its use to the profession, as being eminently calculated for a textbook for the use of Public Schools, Classes, and private instruction."

B. Carr Cross,
J. A. Getze,
J. E. Gould,
M. H. Cross,
Jas. N. Beck,
B. Frank Walters,
Sam'l Davies,
J. G. Whitman,
A. Douglas,
H. M. Alexander, &c., &c., &c., &c.

A. R. Taylor,
Pasquale Rondinella,
Chas. H. Jarvis,
William Norris,
W. J. Lemon,
A. J. Morgan,
M. G. Bisbee,
John Bower,
M. E. Worrell,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

For Sale by

LEE & WALKER,

722 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

MONUMENTS OF ART.



SHOWING ITS

DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS

FROM THE

EARLIEST ARTISTIC ATTEMPTS

TO THE

PRESENT PERIOD

IN TWO VOLUMES

Text by

PROF. DR. WILLIAM LUBKE,

of Berlin, and

DR. CHARLES FR. A. VON LUTROW

of Munich.

Published by EMIL SEITZ, GIBSON'S BUILDING, Broadway, cor. of 13th Street, New York.

MONUMENTS OF ART.—Emil Seitz, of this city, has published a very sumptuous work, entitled "Monuments of Art, showing its development and progress from the Earliest Artistic Attempts to the Present Period." It is a series, comprised in two large folio volumes, of outline engravings of almost everything valuable which remains to us of ancient art—that is to say of works of architecture, painting and sculpture, and of the most valuable and characteristic works of modern art in these departments. It enables those who inspect the series to follow ancient art from its rude origin to its highest perfection, and from its perfection to its decline and degradation, and then to behold art reviving in modern times and passing through various changes to its present condition. It is a most rich and varied collection, and may be said of itself to form a perfect history of the fine arts, so far as the element of the design is concerned. An octavo volume of explanations, translated into English from the German, accompanies the engravings.—N. Y. Evening Post

"The literature of art is becoming popular. Citizens are asking for books of instruction in the history, the philosophy, and the criticism of art. At this point of time, it has seemed to those best informed, that a history of art, by its monuments, would meet a great want, and tend to carry forward the education of the public mind. It is fortunate that such a work already exists, and needs but little modification to fit it for the American public. The gentlemen whose names appear on the title-page, are among the most eminent in their several departments, in Germany. The work was issued under the general direction of Professor KUGLER. Those who are acquainted with his Hand Book of Art, and other admirable contributions to the literature of art, will need no other guarantee for the excellence of this work. Should lectures upon art become a part of the academic course of education, THIS WORK WILL SUPPLY AN INDISPENSABLE AID. It will serve Schools and female Seminaries in which instruction is already given in this interesting part of culture.

"But its special place will be found in the FAMILY. When once it shall become known, we believe that no private library, however select, will be deemed at all well furnished without this admirable Pictorial Exhibition of the progress of art from the earliest day to our own."—H. W. Beecher

MDLLE. TADINI,

Late from Naples and London, will receive pupils for instruction in

PIANO-FORTE AND VOCAL CULTURE.

Having studied the Piano-Forte under Thalberg, Bianchi and other masters, and in singing with Mercadante, Garcia and Buonomo, Mdle. T. is confident of her ability to give abundant satisfaction to patrons.

TERMS, for quarter of 20 lessons..... \$50.00

A liberal discount to two or more pupils at same residence.

Mdile. Tadini may be addressed care of Th. Hagen, Editor of Review, or Fifth, Son & Co., 563 Broadway, to each of whom she is kindly permitted to refer.

Now on view at the Office of

WEEKLY REVIEW, 596 BROADWAY:

The two celebrated original pictures,

The Virgin by Spagnoletti,

San Gennaro (the Martyr) by Guer-cini.

Free admission.

NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION.
THE WORKS

OF
JAMES PARTON,

In 9 vols. Crown 8vo. With steel portraits, including
LIFE OF AARON BURR, 3 vols.
LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, 3 vols.
LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 3 vols.
GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS, 1 vol.
HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, 1 vol.

Prices: Cloth, extra, \$25 50; Half calf or half morocco, \$30.

"So sympathetic, so painstaking, so indefatigable is this biographer, that the reader may differ from him on a hundred points without ever losing patience; may condemn his views as narrow and his judgment as precipitate, yet delight in the fullness of his information, the patience of his research, the freshness of his style, and heartily rejoice that our country's notables have found so competent and lucid a historian. There have been at least thirty attempts at the life of Gen. Jackson, not one of which, except Mr. Parton's, will ever be looked through after the year 1860; and with the sole exception of Franklin's own inimitable outline, and the summaries embodied in encyclopedias and compendia of biography, no one will hereafter read any life of Franklin but Parton's."—*Horace Greley*.

"He is unwearied in his search for facts; he has the faculty of grasping the significance of his materials, so as to gain a clear idea of the man who is to be presented to his readers; he is unwaveringly honest—presenting the man as he believes him to have really been, no merely as he should or might have been."—*Harper's Weekly*.

We read his history with more interest than romance itself awakens.—*New York Observer*.

He throws his whole heart into the subject; masters and exhausts all accessible material and, tireless himself, never allows his readers to tire.—*Springfield Republican*.

No library of American books, public or private, can be complete without these biographies of representative Americans, exhibiting as they do, untiring powers of research, in combination with singular simplicity, sprightliness and vividness of narrative style.—*Boston Transcript*.

Our best writer of biography.—*New York Independent*.

A writer of whom the people of the United States have reason to be proud.—*London Athenaeum*.

The ablest biographer of his time.—*American Baptist*.

One of the few who can be lengthy and yet not grow wearisome.—*New York Christian Advocate*.

Doubtless to be regarded as our most able and popular writer of biography.—*American Publisher's Circular*.

His pages have all the fascination of romance, yet we cannot but feel that every statement has been subjected to the severest scrutiny.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

The interest of the reader is sustained as in a skillful fiction.—*N. Y. World*.

It would be easy to fill volumes with highly appreciated criticisms of Mr. Parton's works.

Published by

MASON BROTHERS
No. 506 Broadway,

J. BAUER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS

AND IMPORTERS OF

Musical Instruments. Strings, &c.

ALSO SOLE AGENT,

[OF]

Wm. Knabe & Co.'s Piano Fortes,

No. 650 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ALSO,

69 WASHINGTON ST., CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
CHICAGO ILL.

NEW YORK

PIANOFORTE COMPANY.

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOFORTES,

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

The principal reason of this fact is, that the firm is composed of the most expert artisans, from the largest establishments of this City, who invent all their own improvements, and under whose personal supervision every part of the instrument is manufactured.

We shall not speak here of the superb tone, features, and other characteristics of our instruments, but we invite with confidence, intelligent Professors, Amateurs, and all who take an interest in the progress of the Pianoforte, to call at our establishment, to convince themselves that the merits of our instruments are not overrated.

394 HUDSON ST.,

Between Houston and Clarkson st., New York

MARSHALL & MITTAUER'S

NEW

SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

Recognized to be the best in New York.

No. 88 WALKER STREET,

Between Broadway and Elm st. New York

DE GARMOS DANCING ACADEMY

55 West Fourth Street.

OPEN WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Ladies at 8. Misses and Masters at 4 P. M. Evening Classes at 8.

I shall introduce to my pupils the present season German Cakion and the Quadrille Symphonie, as danced in my presence the past summer at Paris and Dieppe.

Having had the honor to be elected Corresponding Member of the Société Académique des Professeurs de Danse de Paris, Artistes du Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra, all new dances emanating from the Society will be forwarded to me as soon as produced.

Circulars at Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s, 547 Broadway J Hyatt's, 3 and 15 Cooper Institute, and at the Academy

Manz & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST-CLASS PIANO-FORTES.

FACTORY AND WAREROOM,

NO. 20 SIXTH STREET, N. Y.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S

American Organs.

SIBERIA OTT, WHOLESALE AGENT,

748 BROADWAY, N. Y.

We would call attention to these superior Instruments with confidence, well knowing their superiority in fullness and perfectness of tone. They are the ONLY REAL ORGAN before the public. The only one having the Reverberating Sound box or wind-chest, and large bellows elegance of workmanship, and for the Parlor, Church Lecture or Large Room they excel all others.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE CIRCULAR.

Liberal terms to Dealers and Agents. Address orders,

SIBERIA OTT,

748 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FEDERICO GIGLIO,

PROF. OF DRAWING & MINIATURE PAINTING

Care of Theodore Hagen.

KRAUSHAAR & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES,

ANTON KRAUSHAAR. CHARLES J. SCHONEMANN.

TOBIAS HAMM.

No. 19 West Houston Street, near Broadway,
New York.

Special Gold Medal.

(From Watson's Weekly Art Journal.)

AWARDS TO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A Gold Medal was awarded at the late Fair of the American Institute, to CARHART, NEEDHAM & Co., for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.

"They are an exceedingly good substitute for an Organ and I can speak of them in the highest terms."

GEO. W. MORGAN.

"I have found them to be the best Instruments of the class I ever saw."

GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"They are entitled to be ranked as the first and best among instruments of their class."

WM. A. KING.

"The tone is incomparable, and they are far in advance of any other instrument of a similar kind."

CHARLES FRADEL.

THE PARLOR ORGAN.

with the recent improvements of Mr. J. Carhart. Is without exception far superior in

QUALITY,

POWER

SWEETNESS,

VARIETY and

EXPRESSION

OF TONE,

DURABILITY OF

CONSTRUCTION,

ELEGANCE OF CASE.

POSSESSING,

IMPROVEMENTS

APPLIED

BY US ONLY.

A Descriptive Catalogue and Price List sent by mail.

CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO.

No. 97 East Twenty-third St., New York.

MISS LOUISE GERARD,

PIANO AND LANGUAGES,

181 East 41st Street;

FLORENCE

HIGHEST PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL

SEWING MACHINES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

THEY MAKE THE LOCK STITCH—They make a stitch of snarl—the tension is self-adjustable and of no trouble—it is THE ONLY MACHINE having the

Reversible Feed Movement,

which enables the operator to have the work run either from right to left or left to right—it securely fastens the seam at any desired place, and is, above all, the least liable to get out of order, and its simplicity enables the most inexperienced to operate on it.

This machine makes, if desired for special work, four distinct stitches, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.

The attention and examination of buyers is especially called to the superior merits of the Florence Sewing Machine.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

SALESGROOM AND WAREHOUSE

No. 505 Broadway

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

PIANO-FORTES.

The Subscriber, late a member of this firm, has taken the WHOLESALE AGENCY, and is prepared to furnish these Superior Pianos at all times at lowest prices to Dealers and the public. Address all orders,

SIBERIA OTT, WHOLESALE AGENT,

748 BROADWAY, N. Y.

METZEROTT HALL,

318 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

This fine concert hall will be finished the middle of January, 1888, for first-class concerts or lectures.

Apply to

W. G. METZEROTT & CO.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

OR STEINWAY & SONS, NEW YORK.

FURNITURE

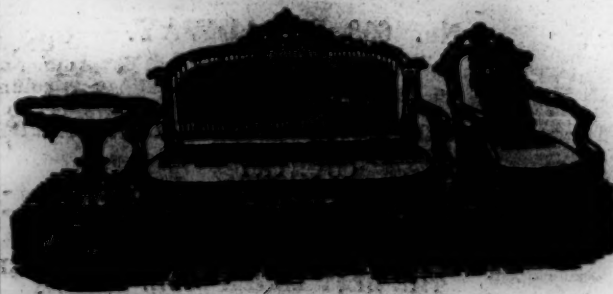
OF THE LATEST STYLE,

CONSISTING OF

PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM, AND LIBRARY

SUITES,

IN ROSEWOOD, WALNUT, MAPLE, &c.,



F. KRUTINA'S

MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,

96 & 98 East Houston Street,

Between Bowery and 2d Avenue.

All goods warranted.

Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.

Chloasma, or Mothpach, (also called Liver-spot,) and Lentigo, or Freckles, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either; and any preparation that will effectually remove them without injuring the texture or color of the skin, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolored spots, which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 45 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists; price \$2 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

AN ELEGANT BOOK

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

JUST PUBLISHED BY

C. SCRIBNER & Co., 124 Grand street,
NEW YORK.

THE BOOK OF RUBIES.

A Collection of the most notable Love Poems in the English Language. In one volume, crown octavo, printed by Alford, in two colors, on superfine extra calendered tinted paper, bound in extra illuminated cloth, full gilt, price \$7; the same in Turkey Morocco, antique or extra, \$10. Put up in a neat box.

There is no Love Poem of note omitted; and, with all those gems long known to the public, there are numerous others hitherto overlooked because of the demerits of the authors in other fields of literary labor, or because they were the single songs of those who never sung well but once. Arrayed with reference to the dates at which the authors flourished, the poems furnish a fair view of the progress of erotic poetry, and allow a comparison of styles and merit not to be otherwise attained, except by laborious and not over-profitable reading. Every shade of human passion, except the sensual, is illustrated; and it confers credit on the editor to see how happily pure is the result of his labors.

Copies sent by mail or express, freight paid, on receipt of price, by

C. SCRIBNER & CO.

708.

708.

Presto et Persto! Nunquam Dormio!

ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS ADVERTISED IN THE TRIBUNE, TIMES, POST, AND SATURDAY PRESS, FROM A DIME NOVEL TO THE HIGHEST CLASS OF LITERATURE ARE CONSTANTLY FOR SALE AT MY NEWS EMPORIUM.

AUGUST BRENTANO.

708 BROADWAY,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE NEW YORK HOTEL.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est!

708

708.

CATALOGUE

OF A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF

RARE, CURIOUS, AND VALUABLE
BOOKS.

NOW ON SALE, AT THE MODERATE PRICES ANNEXED

Sent gratis to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp to prepay postage

GEO. P. PHILES & Co.,
No. 64 Nassau St., New York

PFAFF'S!!

PFAFF'S!!

No. 653 BROADWAY.

MOST CELEBRATED RESTAURANT IN THE
COUNTRY

THE BEST WINES.

THE BEST LAGER BEER.

THE BEST VIANDS

THE BEST WAITERS.

THE BEST COMPANY.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

THE COOLEST AND PLEASANTEST

SUMMER GARDEN
IN THE CITY.

THE GROUNDS CROWDED DAY AND NIGHT.

EVERYBODY WHO COMES TO TOWN GOES

ONCE TO

PFAFF'S.

No. 653 BROADWAY.

CHOICE IMPORTED BOOKS

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

J. W. BOUTON, having recently returned from Europe, begs to call the attention of collectors and the public to his selections made while abroad, consisting of fine copies of STANDARD, MISCELLANEOUS,

AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS,

Among which will be found desirable copies of the following—DIBDIN'S WORKS, 21 vols. uncut; RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, 16 vols. 8vo. calf, extra; PERCY SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS, 31 vols.; PAINTER'S PALACE OF PLEASURES; WALPOLE'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS, 5 vols., 4to., large paper; RAPHAEL'S FRESCO IN THE VATICAN; MACKLIN'S BIBLE, 7 vols., folio; ART JOURNAL, 25 vols.; CUNNINGHAM'S LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMEN, 18 vols., 4to. extra plates; NICHOLS'S HOGARTH, 3 vols., 4to.; GREGG'S ANTIQUITIES, 12 vols., folio; LODGE'S PORTRAITS, 12 vols., royal, 8vo.; PITTI GALLERY, 4 vols., folio; FLORENCE GALLERY, 4 vols., folio; MUSEE FRANCAIS AND MUSEE ROYAL, 6 vols., folio; BOYDELL'S SHAKESPEARE GALLERY; DUGDALE'S MONASTICUM ANGLICANUM, 8 vols.; NICHOLS'S ANECDOTES, 17 vols.; GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 211 vols., complete. A choice collection of PICKERING'S, and the CHISWICK PRESS PUBLICATIONS, ILLUMINATED MISSALS, etc., etc., all of which are now on view and for SALE by

J. W. BOUTON, No. 481 Broadway, New York.

* * * Priced Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of a stamp to pay postage.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA

Vetustissima:

A DESCRIPTION OF WORK

RELATING TO

AMERICA,

Printed between the years 1492 & 1551.

The design of this publication is to give a critical account of all the works relating to America, which have been published in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, France, England, Holland, and Mexico, from the time of the discovery by Columbus to the year 1551.

Upwards of two hundred titles (where Ternaux has fifty eight, and Rich only twenty) have been collected, and copied from the original works themselves, nearly all of which are in the possession of several well known American collectors, who allowed the use of those extremely rare books in the preparation of this volume.

The entire title-page and colophon of every work will be given, together with minute collations, and a translation into English of all titles and extracts, descriptions of the maps and vocabularies, a succinct notice of the author, editor or printer, an index, introduction, and copious references to the various historical and bibliographical works in which the book has been previously mentioned or described, from Gesner to Graesse.

The work will form one volume large octavo. The edition will be limited to five hundred copies, ninety-nine of which will be printed on large paper, and issued early in the ensuing autumn.

PRICE: for Subscribers only, large paper, \$20 per Copy

small paper, \$10 " "

All subscriptions should be addressed to the publishers,

GEO. P. PHILES & CO.,
No. 64 Nassau St., New York,

THE PHILOBIBLION.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL;

CONTAINING CRITICAL NOTICES OF, AND EXTRACT FROM RARE, CURIOUS, AND VALUABLE OLD BOOKS.

Printed on India paper.

2 vols. Small 4to. New York, 1862-1863. \$5.00.

"The work is full of desultory gossip about books which the circle that whilom assembled at the house of 'Atticus' in the good times past, when Dr. Dibdin chronicled the doings of the lovers of books in his 'BIBLIOMANIA' and 'DECAMERON,' would have delighted in; and many curious and interesting manuscript marginal notes by men whose opinions are worthy of perpetuation, are embalmed in the pages of 'THE PHILOBIBLION,' which will ever give them a lasting value in the estimation of scholars."—THE READER, Lond., Oct. 1, 1864.

Only few copies remaining on hand, for sale by

GEO. P. PHILES & CO.,
64 Nassau St., New York

TO BE ISSUED IN A FEW DAYS,

NUMBER I. OF THE
NEW COMIC PAPER,

"THE LITTLE JOKER."

REFLECTS WITH

FUN, WIT, HUMOR, AND SATIRE

Among numerous others, the following will contribute to its columns:

ARTEMUS WARD.

ORPHEUS C. KERR,

JOSEPH BARBER, ETC.

SUBSCRIPTION:

50 CENTS, for TWELVE MONTHS,

35 " " SIX " "

25 " " THREE " "

Address, ROBERT W. WILLIS,

New-York Post Office.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A Prize of FIFTY DOLLARS will be given for

THE BEST OPENING POEM,

To be sent in before the 24th of December.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOFORTES,

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-two first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with two hundred and sixty-nine pianos, from all parts of the world.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS is directed to their

PATENT AGRAPPE ARRANGEMENT.

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, in all their grand and highest-priced square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that they have determined to introduce their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Extract from the Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS:

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.

S. B. MILLS,	WM. MASON,	J. N. PATTERSON,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,	ROBERT HELLER,	A. H. PRASE,
HENRY C. TIMM,	WM. BERGE,	THEO. ENFIELD,
GEO. W. MORGAN,	E. MURIO,	C. BERGMANN,
THEO. THOMAS,	CARL ANSCHUTZ,	MAX MARTENK

STEINWAY & SONS'

WAREHOUSES, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

PRESENTS OF TASTE!

BIRTHDAY, BRIDAL AND HOLIDAY GIFTS

THE RUGGLES GEMS.

A choice collection of these exquisite miniature and cabinet

OIL PAINTINGS

OF

AMERICAN SCENERY,

from sketches made from nature, by
RUGGLES,

now on view and for sale at

CHAS. L. JONES'S,

843 BROADWAY.

TRADE



MARK

OF THE

MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All Ruffles of whatever name, no having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringe on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company.

The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made, of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers.

For sale by all the Principal Jobbers and Retailers.

Office of Company.

95 CHAMBERS STREET, New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1823

VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,

(SUCCESSORS TO A. RANKIN & CO.,)

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HOSIERY, UNDER-GARMENTS

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

No. 98 BOWERY,

AND

No. 630 BROADWAY

No. 165 FIFTH AVENUE,
(Corner of 22d street.)

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER

MISCELLANEOUS.

S-T 1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate
 They create a healthy appetite
 They are an antidote to change of water and diet
 They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
 They strengthen the system and enliven the mind
 They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
 They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
 They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation
 They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus
 They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Callaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and saloons. Only genuine when cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,

21 Park Row New York.

GUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon. The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for astringing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration
 It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
 It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation
 It cools, softens, and adds delicacy to the skin.
 It yields a subdued and lasting perfume
 It cures mosquito bites and stings of insects.
 It contains no material injurious to the skin

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers.
 Every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne fumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,

Sole's. Exclusive Agents N. Y.

GEORG STECK & CO.

Have been awarded at the late National exhibition of the American Institute, New York, (Oct. 1886),

TWO PRIZES SIMULTANEOUSLY,
 THE FIRST GOLD & SILVER MEDALS
 for excellence of their

GRAND & SQUARE
PIANOFORTES

Special attention of purchasers is directed to Messrs. Geo. Steck & Co's late invention in

AGRAFFE PIANOS

with a bell-metal plate, which has proved so eminently successful, and so vastly superior to any improvement yet made in the manufacture of Pianos, that many makers have tried to imitate it, but without success.

These fine Pianos have created an excitement in musical circles, and, in consequence, the following letter was addressed, unolicited, to Messrs. Geo. Steck & Co., by the MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS OF NEW YORK.

Messrs. GEORGE STECK & CO.:
 Gentlemen—We have carefully tested your pianos, both GRAND and SQUARE, and being always ready to appreciate talent and merit, it affords us great pleasure to congratulate you upon the success you have achieved in advancing your instruments to the state of excellence they have reached.

We find in them all qualities combined which constitute a THOROUGHLY PERFECT PIANO, and which make it a pleasant task to play on an instrument.

There can be no doubt, that they certainly rank among the very best pianos manufactured. The manner in which, by your late invention, the agraffes are introduced in connection with a plate of bell-metal, is especially calculated to make the quality and strength of the tone of your pianos admirable.

We cheerfully recommend them to the public as most excellent and first-class instruments.

New York, September, 1886.
 Theodore Thomas, Max Maretzek, Carl Anschutz,
 Geo. W. Morgan, S. B. Mills, Jul. Schubert,
 W. Mason, Carl Wolfsohn, A. Paur,
 Henry C. Limm, Carl Bergmann, Wm. Berge,
 J. N. Pattison, F. Von Breunling, A. Davis,
 Theodore Hagen, Theo. Moelling, C. Demuth,
 George Matka, Charles Wels, Chas. Fradel,
 Fr. Brandeis, Wm. Pecher, H. Perabca,

Similar congratulatory letters have been received from most every artist in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other parts of the country, thus proving conclusive, that there is

EVERY REASON FOR PURCHASING A
STECK PIANO.

In preference to all others.

Every instrument warranted for five years.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS.

SALESROOMS,

113 & 115 WALKER STREET
 NEW YORK.

AT R. H. MACY'S.

JUST RECEIVED. THE FALL IMPORTATION OF OUR POPULAR FRENCH KID GLOVES, FOR LADIES, GENTS, AND MISSES. FINEST QUALITY, CHOICE SHADES, AND AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN THE CITY. 204 AND 206 SIXTH AVENUE, NEAR FOURTEENTH STREET.

JAQUES'

Extracted

Perfumeries for the Handkerchief.

They come from Flowers which are

"DAY STARS" that open their eyes with morn to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her holy altar sprinkle,
 As a libation!"

"Pond Lily," "May Flower," "Garden Lavender,"
 "Rose Leaf Geranium," "Rondeletia," "Patchouli,"
 Also, "Thibet Musk," and "Jockey Club." Jaques'
 Perfumery is the best in the market.

Wholesale agency, A. MUNROE, Agent
 162 Broadway.

AWAY WITH SPECTACLES.

OLD EYES MADE NEW

Without aid of doctor or medicine! Pamphlet sent by all, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
 No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

MRS. EMMA GILLINGHAM BOST-
 WICK, having returned to New York to reside, will receive pupils for vocal instruction at her residence, No. 233 East 51st Street; also at Chickering's Piano-Forte rooms, No. 623 Broadway, where circulars can be seen and applications may be made for terms, &c.

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

THE
METROPOLITAN
INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 AND 110 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital..... \$1,000,000
 Surplus, over..... 400,000

INSURES

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

ALSO, AGAINST ALL

MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS

ON CARGO OR FREIGHT.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, with incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

R. M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President,

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Jr.,

Second Vice-President

HENRY HOBART PORTER Secretary

ACCIDENTS!

THE

"TRAVELLERS" OF HARTFORD

is the

LDEST ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. IN AMERICA

Cash Assets, Sept. 1885.....\$552,371 45.

Policies issued in sums of \$500 to \$10,000, with compensation from \$8 to \$50 per week, in terms of One Month to Five Years, insuring against

Accidents of All Kinds,

whether travelling or not; whether in the car, coach or steamboat, or outside, walking, hunting, fishing, swimming, etc.

RATES OF PREMIUM LOW,

A protecting insurance against loss of life or injury by accident, anywhere and at all times. No medical examination required.

INSURE IN THE ORIGINAL

TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Over 25,000 policies issued, up to Oct. 1, and upwards of 450 losses paid within the year, including the large sum of \$38,000 to twelve policy-holders, for a total premium of less than \$250.

RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y

JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres't

NEW YORK OFFICE:

No. 160 Fulton Street.

EDGAR FORMAN, Agent.

FIRE INSURANCE,

With Participation in the Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, No. 114 Broadway,

Branch Office, No. 10 COOPER INSTITUTE, 3d AVE

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$500,000

SURPLUS.....221,468

CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, MAY 1, 1886
 \$721,468 50.

INSURES PROPERTY AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE at usual rates, and returns Fifty per cent. of the net profits, each year, to the Assured.

Policies Issued and Losses paid at the office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities of the United States.

JAMES W. OTIS, President

R. W. BLEWIS, Secretary

R. F. MASON, Supt. Agencies.

GEORGE G. CLAPP,

64 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Agent for the Purchase and Sale of RARE and VALUABLE BOOKS, PICTURES, ENGRAVINGS, ETC., &c.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEO. THOMAS'S SYMPHONY

AT IRVING HALL.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, at 8.

Mr. Thomas takes great pleasure in announcing to the subscribers and the public generally, that he has succeeded in making arrangements with Mr. Bateman for the appearance of the celebrated and popular Prima Donna,

M'LE PAREPA.

AT HIS THIRD SYMPHONY SOIREE, being Mlle. PAREPA'S Last Appearance previous to her departure for Europe.

SATURDAY Evening, Jan. 13, at 8.

THIRD SYMPHONY SOIREE.

Soloists:

M'LE PAREPA.

MR. CARL WOLFSOHN,

together with

THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.

Conductor..... MR. AGRICOL PAUER

AND THE GRAND ORCHESTRA OF

SIXTY PERFORMERS.

The whole under the direction of THEO. THOMAS.

PROGRAMME:

Symphony C, op. 80.....Bergiel

Scena and Aria, 'Ah, perdo'.....Beethoven

M'LE PAREPA.

Fantasia, F Minor, op. 48.....Chopin

MR. CARL WOLFSOHN.

Volklied.....

THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.

Overture, Melusine, Op. 32.....Mendelssohn

ORCHESTRA.

Aria, 'If guiltless blood be your intent' (Susanna) Handel.

M'LE PAREPA

Fantasia, Op. 80, for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra.....Beethoven

MR. C. WOLFSOHN, THE LIEDERKRANZ AND

THE ORCHESTRA

Tickets.....\$1.50 each.

Including a Reserved Seat.

Can now be obtained at Steinway & Sons, Nos. 71 and 73 East Fourteenth street; Bear & Schirmer's, 701 Broadway; Schubert & Co.'s, 830 Broadway; Root, Anthony & Co.'s, 21 Nassau street, and at Irving Hall.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Director.....Mrs. John Wood

Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn

This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

LAST NIGHT

of the successful Spectacular Romance entitled

MONTE CRISTO;

OR, THE LONE PRISONER OF THE CHATEAU D'IV,

in which the eminent and favorite artist,

MR. E. L. DAVEPORT.

(Having recovered from his late indisposition) will

appear as

EDMOND DANTES.

The Spectacle produced in a style of magnificence surpassing any previous production at this theatre, with

GORGEOUS SCENERY, DELIGHTFUL MUSIC,

HUMOROUS MASKS, COSTUMES,

WONDERFUL MECHANICAL EFFECTS,

AND POWERFUL CAST.

On MONDAY Evening, Jan. 15,

Will be produced the beautiful play in five acts, entitled

ST. MARY;

OR, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,

performed throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and America with most unqualified approbation; written expressly by H. Wilkins, Esq., for Mr. E. L. Daveport, and in which that artist will appear in his original character, supported by a

CAST OF CHARACTERS WORTHY OF SPECIAL ATTENTION.

Doors open at 7½; Curtain rises precisely a quarter to 8. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

WINTER GARDEN.

This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

Lessee and Manager.....Mr. W. Stuart

Stage Manager.....Mr. J. G. Hanley

Mr. Stuart begs to announce that on

TO-NIGHT, AND DURING THE WEEK,

will appear in his great role of

HAMILT.

In reply to the many communications received, Mr. Stuart has to announce that a grand

will take place on every Wednesday. The first on

WEDNESDAY, January 17,

when Mr. Booth will appear for

THE ONLY TIME AT A MATINEE

IN HAMILT.

Doors open at 1½. Commence at one o'clock.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW

YORK

PUBLIC REHEARSAL No. 1, at the

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, on SATURDAY, Jan. 13, at

8 o'clock, p. m. Admission, 50 cents; for sale at the principal

ticket agencies. Subscriptions received at the usual

places. L. B. LENT, Secretary.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

MISS BATEMAN.

It is with much pleasure that Mr. WHEATLEY announces the engagement of the eminent young American tragedienne, Miss BATEMAN, who, after an absence abroad of three years, will make her re-appearance at Niblo's Garden on

MONDAY, January 15, 1893.

in her celebrated role of LEAH, in Mosenthal's beautiful tragedy of that name.

The long career of Miss Bateman in England, where her many successes in the legitimate drama, and in those characters which she will repeat here, have been acknowledged and recorded by the ablest press, and witnessed by the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of either Metropolitan or Provincial theatres, renders it unnecessary to dwell on the interesting event of her reappearance in this city; where she has always been so warmly welcomed. Mr. Wheatley will celebrate the occasion by presenting the dramas in which Miss Bateman appears in a way worthy of the young artist's reputation; and the hearty appreciation which the public has always so generously lavished on her efforts.

The sale of tickets during Miss Bateman's engagement will continue six days in advance. The Box Sheet will be opened on the corresponding day in each previous week.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY

The drama by Tom Taylor, Esq., founded on Miss Brad-

don's celebrated novel, entitled

HENRY DUNBAR, or THE OUTCAST.

Characters by Messrs. J. W. Wallack, Charles Fisher, Young, George Holland, Norton, B. T. Ringgold, G. Brown, Williamson, Graham, Pope, Ward, Misses Mary Gannon, Madeline Henriques, and Irene Burke.

MONDAY,

(first time this season) THE RIVALS.

TUESDAY—HENRY DUNBAR.

In preparation, Boucicault's comedy, I

THE IRISH HEIRESS.

WOOD'S THEATRE.

Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

MANAGER.....GEORGE WOOD

OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY EVENING, January 16.

Engagement of the great native comedian and character

actor

Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU.

AND THE WORLD FAMOUS AND MATCHLESS HANLON

BROTHERS,

who will appear in a new three-act local extravaganza, entitled

THE BALLOON-WEDDING,

supported by an efficient corps dramatique.

PRICES.

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.

Reserved Seats.....Seventy-five cents

Orchestra Chairs.....One Dollar and Fifty cents

Balcony Chairs.....\$1 Private Boxes.....\$1.50

Doors open at 7. Performances to commence at 7½.

Box office open this Saturday and every day from 8 to 6

o'clock, when places may be secured

SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN

the NEW YORK HERALD.

CIRCUS AND DRAMA TWICE EACH DAY.

ONLY CIRCUS ON BROADWAY.

AFTERNOON AT 3. EVENING AT 7½.

CIRCUS TROUPE and THOROUGHbred HORSES.

TRICK PONY—EQUESTRIAN STARS.

CONKLIN BROTHERS—GYMNASTS.

NEW and DASHING ACTS of HORSEMANSHIP.

Previous to Circus the Eastern Extravaganza of the

ILAUSTRIOUS STRANGER, or MARRIED AND

BURIED.

W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.

THREE IMMENSE GIANTS—THREE DWARFS.

TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS—LIVING SKELETON.

MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN—GLASS BLOWERS.

Albino Boy, Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family,

Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.

Admission, 50 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.

14th st, opp. Academy of Music.

L. B. LENT.....Manager.

This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.

MATINEES EVERY DAY AT 2½.

First week of the celebrated Equestrian,

LEVI J. BENT.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

commencing at 2½ and 6 o'clock, will be presented

A NEW PROGRAMME

of Equestrian, Gymnastic, and Acrobatic Feats

The Champion Bareback Rider,

MR. JAMES ROBINSON.

In one of his unapproachable acts upon

A SWIFT BARANCO FOURWHEEL.

MR. KORTH and MR. FOURMINE

In a Fantastic Equestrian Show

The entire strength of the

HARVEST STAR TROUPE

will be brought forward in brilliant and diversified

ACTS IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

MISS BATEMAN.....WM. WHEATLEY

of the brilliant engagement of the youthful and talented actress.

SATURDAY Evening, January 13, 1893.

POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT

of the brilliant engagement of the youthful and talented actress.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN

who will appear in the remarkably successful emotional play of C. W. Taylor, entitled,

EAST LYNN.

OR THE KLOPPMENT.

sustaining her great dual characters of

LADY HAZEL AND MADAME VON.

Messrs. J. W. Collier, J. G. Burnett, J. Numan, E. Barry, J. W. Blakely, E. B. Holmes, Bendle, Nolan, &c.; Misses Mary Wells, Maria Maeder, Carrie Burke Everett, &c., &c., in the cast.

Mr. Wheatley begs to announce that he has made an engagement with

MISS BATEMAN,

THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIENNE,

who will make her first appearance since her return from Europe, on

On MONDAY Evening, January 15,

in her celebrated character of LEAH.

SEATS CAN BE SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

Admission 75 cents; Reserved Seats, \$1; Family Circle

(entrance on Crosby street,) 50 cents.

A FEAST OF FUN, FOR 25 CENTS!

The renowned

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

"Pastor of the Church of the Neo Dispensation."

HIS COMPLETE WORKS

FOR 25 CENTS!!!

Nothing but an Immense Sale could remunerate the publishers of this extraordinary work for fixing 25 cents as its price. Their offer has

NEVER BEFORE BEEN PARALLELED.

Also, an original collection of Puzzles, Rebuses, Conundrums, Illustrated Puzzles, Enigmas, Riddles, &c., &c., &c., contained in ONE VOLUME, 100 PAGES,

FOR 15 CENTS!!!

Either of the above works sent to any address, free of postage, on receipt of price by

BLOOMINGTON & CO.,

Mercedita, Illinois.

CHICKERING & SONS.

Established in 1823

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

Fifty-five Medals, in Gold, Silver and Bronze, have been awarded for these Pianos, as

FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL COMPETITION

OPINIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS

THALBERG.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America."

GOTTSCALK.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos superior to in the world."

WEHL.

"I believe that in every particular your Pianos are superior to any I have ever seen in this country or Europe."

SATTIE.

"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled"

BACH.

"I always use and always recommend your Pianos my pupils and friends"

MURDO.

"I consider your Pianos the finest I have ever played upon."

REASONS WHY THEY ARE THE BEST.

IMMENSE CAPITAL with which to obtain the best work-

men; to keep on hand stocks of the best material, to be seasoned for years.

FACTORY.—The largest in the world, occupying five

acres of ground, and its united floors 52 feet wide and

mile and a quarter in length.

MACHINERY.—The most complete and expensive of any

Piano Factory in the country, many parts without a du-

plicate, being invented expressly by the elder Mr. CHICK-

ERING.

EXTENSION.—With these advantages, after the labor of a half century, during which time they have manufactured thirty thousand Pianos, they now offer the public an

the new Chickering Piano, the most perfect ever made.

REPAIRS.—Messrs. Chickering & Sons are now making more Pianos than any firm in the United States, and

export to Europe yearly a large number of instruments

which are used by the leading artists of the day. Their

reputation has become world-wide.

WAREHOUSES,

652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

AND

246 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SPICKERS BROS.,

SUPERIOR PIANOS AT MODERATE PRICES.

Warranted 6 years.

57 & 59 Hamburg Ave., Paterson, N. J.